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SIGN

THE
HUMANITY
NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

JUNE 1961—35¢



Family Fun
on a Mountain

Interracial Housing:
A Chicago Example

Labor Secretary Goldberg:
"Better Climate" Ahead?

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Seminario Montfortiano
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PUBLISHED BY THE PASSIONIST FATHERS

SEE
WHAT
THE **SIGN** Says . .

Jottings of interest to SIGN readers

THEY DON'T ALL AGREE . . .

Perhaps few articles published in THE SIGN have brought as many pro and con letters from readers as the interview with Thomas P. Neill, Ph.D., on "Can A Catholic Be A Liberal?" which appeared in the January issue.

Dr. Neill, who is Professor of History at St. Louis University and author of "The Rise and Decline of Liberalism" and "Religion and Culture," explored the subject in his interview.

Right after the January issue appeared, letters started to flood in to our editors. "Dr. Neill is begging the question," wrote reader William D. Dornburgh of Bloomfield, N. J., while reader Dorothy Wallace of Milton, Mass., wrote to say that she disagreed with the definition of liberalism.

There were a lot of letters of praise, too. "It should be read and re-read by all. I have read it four times," wrote reader Victor A. Torkildson of Brookfield, Wisconsin. "I think it's the best of its kind that I've seen on the subject," wrote Martin H. Work, Executive Director of the National Council of Catholic Men.

If you missed this controversial feature you'll be glad to know it has just been added to THE SIGN'S growing Library of Reprints and is available at 5¢ a copy plus 3¢ stamp; per 50, \$2.37; per 100, \$4.50; per 1000, \$40.00—plus postage.

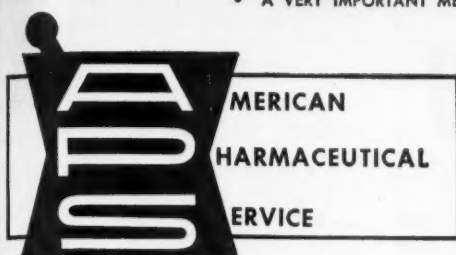
7 DANGER SIGNALS . . .



Another new SIGN reprint is "7 Danger Signals in Marriage" by Msgr. George A. Kelly, which appeared in the April issue.

In this reprint he discusses "danger signs which should cause concern and which indicate that dangerous, unresolved problems exist in marriage."

The new reprint costs
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8.50 C.V.P. Capsules	100	7.19	7.20 Redifect Tablets	100	5.40	3.45 Vita-Kaps	100	2.59
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13.66 Dayamin Capsules	250	9.73	5.95 Rybutol Capsules	100	4.96	10.83 Viterra Therapeutic	100	7.56
6.75 Duo-C.V.P. Capsules	50	5.63	13.50 Rybutol Capsules	250	11.25	5.52 Vuvral Capsules	100	4.14
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10.45 Fortespan Spansule	100	7.59	7.00 Taka-Combex Caps	100	4.80			
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see page 62

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LETTERS

OUR NEW LOOK

No wonder THE SIGN enjoys such popularity! You can just sense it in every part of the magazine from the composite to editors ... an editorial restlessness that is never satisfied with the status quo but is always looking for ways to improve it.

Congratulations on this new issue. I liked everything about it.

MARTIN H. WORK
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF
CATHOLIC MEN

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I have the April issue of THE SIGN, and it is tremendous, terrific—the beautiful new cover style has a great impact, and the whole issue is wonderful. ...

SISTER MARY AUGUSTINE
FRAMINGHAM CENTER, MASSACHUSETTS

The "new look" so dramatically evi-

dent throughout the April issue of THE SIGN indicates, to me, the alert and aggressive state of mind we have always associated with the Passionist Fathers. Extend my personal congratulations to all those on the staff.

ELIZBETH H. EWENS
THE BRUCE PUBLISHING COMPANY
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

I would like to commend you on THE SIGN's new look. ...

MRS. D. MOELLER
MARTINSVILLE, NEW JERSEY

Hurray! for THE SIGN's new look! It's reassuring to know that your fine magazine is keeping well abreast of the times in format as well as content. ...

PHYLLIS ANTONELLI
CLEVELAND, OHIO

CHURCH-STATE ERRORS

"Two Church-State Errors" (May) is an editorial for the *Congressional Record*. Your few words cleared the air of error. I wish it could be printed in every paper in this nation in the interest of truth, honesty, justice, and freedom.

JOHN O'CONNOR
TROY, NEW YORK

"Two Church-State Errors," your feature editorial for May, is ample evidence that with Catholic history dating



"It comes in all heights. How spiteful did you wish to be?"

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back two thousand years, it would be rash to charge (or assume) that Catholic Americans are (or would be) weak in their knowledge of the history of a nation that does not yet go back two centuries.

Writing of this caliber and demonstration of this knowledge of history should go far toward convincing mid-twentieth-century Americans that the "No religious establishment" section of the First Amendment did not intend a separation of church and state but intended, rather, protection for free exercise of church activity throughout the state. . . .

JOSEPH McCaffrey
MORRIS PLAINS, NEW JERSEY

BRIDE'S STORY

"The Story of a Bride": excellent photography with imagination.

EDWARD W. VERBA
CAMPBELL, OHIO

IRRITATED FARMER

Well! Bully for Mr. ("I Love My Farm") James E. Kenney. (April) I have yet to hear a city dweller sneer at the pleasures of country living. Rather, to a man have they envied the farmer and the farmer's children. Leaving the country to live in the city is one of the major sacrifices necessary to life in the industrial age. Nobody need point this out to Mr. Kenney, surely. I checked the article and see, among other things, "Economist" after his name. I find his smugness hard to take, and so, I should think, should a lot of parents, especially, who can make a living for their children only by working in the city. Living in the country—or rather, to quote, "giving up city comforts to live in the sticks with hoot owls"—is a luxury. Please note very wealthy people do precisely that. By the way, the alternative to playing with "expensive toys," for city children, is not taking in a few hours of "psycho," necessarily. Perhaps Mr. Kenney has lived too long in the country to know that there are intelligent, sensitive, nature-loving people in the city too.

As you can see, this article irritates me. I take the above all back if Mr. Kenney is raising a family by farming. That "Economist, professor" suggests other sources of revenue. . . .

CLARE STRINGER
NORTHPORT, LONG ISLAND

THE HOLY LAND

Your article and pictures of Bishop Sheen's trip to the Holy Land were superb.

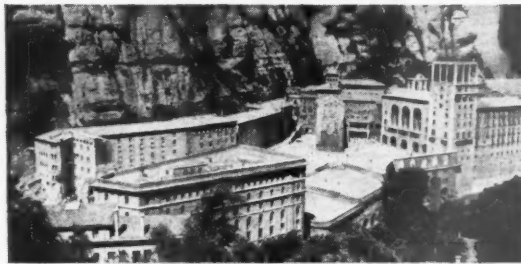
This is the first I have ever read THE SIGN and you can be sure that soon I will have a subscription to it. In my mind it tops all other Catholic magazines for stories and photographs.

CHARLES SMITH
CAMP HILL, PENNSYLVANIA

CORRECTION

Despite the excellent reputation for accuracy of THE SIGN, in "Sign Post"

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see page 62

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of the April issue, you are inaccurate about the obligation of fast and abstinence for Catholic members of the Armed Forces on Holy Saturday.

Faculty thirty-four of the Military Vicariate of the United States of America dispenses all members of the Armed Forces from the law of fast and abstinence on all days of the year, except the Vigil of Christmas, Ash Wednesday, and Good Friday. Holy Saturday, therefore, is not a day of fast or abstinence for military personnel.

MAURICE L. SULLIVAN
CHAPLAIN (LT. COL.), U.S.A.
ASST. FIFTH U.S. ARMY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

HIS CROSS IN YOUR LIFE

Your reviewer's comments (April) on Father Weaver's *His Cross in Your Life* is most disappointing. I read the book twice and used it in Holy Week. I found it inspirational, varied, and with minor unusual devotional comments. Since the Passion is twenty centuries old, would the reviewer have all verbal and written comment cease, as "to be original is almost impossible"?

M. E. McLAUGHLIN
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

The April issue of *THE SIGN* carries a book review of Father Bertrand Weaver's *His Cross in Your Life*. The reviewer seems to be up in the clouds and sounds as though she were addressing some abstract group of college professors rather than the many readers who are searching for the kind of book Father Weaver has written. I'm sure the author reaches his readers more effectively and writes with greater clarity than Miss Casey in her ambiguous review . . .

Father Bertrand's book is unique in that the subject matter is treated in such an understandable manner and reaches the core of what most of us need in our daily lives—a searchlight from the cross, so to speak, to help us shoulder our own crosses with the proper perspective.

CELESTE H. VINCENT
ARLINGTON, MASSACHUSETTS

PLEASANT SURPRISE

As 1960 came to a close we felt quite sad when we received what we thought was our last copy of *THE SIGN*. You can imagine therefore, the pleasant surprise we had this week when your artistic card announcing the gift subscription arrived. We are really happy to look forward to another year of *THE SIGN* with its educative, instructive, and entertaining articles. . . .

SISTER MARY OF ST. JAMES
BELLARY, SOUTH INDIA

CATHOLIC AT STATE U

Your picture story in the March issue on "A Catholic at State U" was most pertinent as graduation time grows near and college looms large on many Catholic horizons. I was most impressed by your comprehensive outlook which

neither condemned nor condoned this type of higher education but merely presented the picture. Would that all parents of such students, as well as the students themselves, might have their wits sharpened by reading it! . . .

Your magazine is both stimulating and instructive . . . and somehow still very warm. Good for you!

PATRICIA L. BELANGER
OAK PARK, ILLINOIS

FIGHTING COMMUNISM

Congratulations on your sober editorial entitled "On Fighting Communism" in the May issue.

It is well taken and should be of special interest to Catholics, who must always apply the standards of fair play and decency in public stands regarding issues and controversy. The fact that Communism is a moral evil must not cloud the all-important criterion that ends do not justify the means.

While *THE SIGN*'s plea for fairness in fighting the common enemy is well taken, it might not be out of order for its editors to comment upon those extreme instances of "anti-Communism" which have brought hate and bigotry into play and captured many otherwise sincere Catholics in an ultra-right action movement. . . .

RUSSELL W. GIBBONS
AMERICAN FREEDOMS COUNCIL
HAMBURG, NEW YORK

RED SMITH WRONG?

"18 Chances to be Wrong"? (May) Impossible! A sure bet every time! Here is my prediction: Red Smith will be the first person to break the time barrier, the first true "ghost-writer" in history.

Long after his body has been assigned to "moulder in the grave," his writing will remain a challenge to those who would achieve excellence in the art of fielding interesting prose.

May his trip to the time barrier be a leisurely one. May you receive a just reward for letting us travel with him.

JIM VAUGHN
NYACK, NEW YORK

NOT UNIQUE

To say that something is unique or the first is to ask for a letter or a flood of them.

It is good to see a liturgy commission reported in your fine magazine, on page 44 of the May issue. But I doubt that Pittsburgh's commission is unique. On August 24, 1959, His Excellency, the Archbishop of Dubuque appointed lay persons as well as priests and Sisters to the liturgy, art, and sacred music commissions of the archdiocese. . . .

REV. EDGAR KURT
CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA

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These folks are named Jones, and they've moved to suburbia; a gripping story, p. 20



Wonderful sights when a family goes mountain-climbing, p. 14

JUNE 1961 VOL. 40 NO. 11

THE SIGN

NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



THE AMERICAN SCENE

- 7 Under 35
- 20 Two More Joneses Have Gone to Suburbia, by Bob Senser
- 24 Labor Secretary Goldberg's "Better Climate": An Interview

THE WORLD SCENE

- 44 College in the Congo, A Picture Story

VARIOUS

- 14 Family-Sized Mountain, A Picture Story
- 28 When Christ Attended Dinner, by Bishop John J. Wright
- 32 Cut Your Car Costs, by William Whalen
- 69 The Sisters' Sermon, by Ralph Woods

SHORT STORY

- 36 My Famous Grandfather, by Brian Friel

EDITORIALS

- 6 Christians or Hypocrites? by Ralph Gorman, C.P.
- 33 Current Fact and Comment

ENTERTAINMENT

- 41 Stage and Screen, by Jerry Cotter
- 50 Classroom TV: Here, But How Good? by John P. Shanley

READING GUIDE

- 54 A Summer Journal of Junior Books, by Mary Louise Hector
- 57 Let's Upgrade Catholic Reading Tastes, by John J. Delaney
- 58 Book Reviews

FEATURES

- 2 Letters
- 31 Crucifixion: Andrew in Scotland, A Poem by James Bonk
- 40 Landscape, A Poem by Austin Fowler
- 52 Sign Post, by Adrian Lynch, C.P.
- 56 Woman to Woman, by Katherine Burton



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Christians or Hypocrites?

We're going to hear a lot about the Civil War during the centenary celebration. Civil War buffs will fight all over again the battles that pitted brother against brother on innumerable bloody battlefields. The war ended in a victory for the North and the preservation of the Union. It also resulted in the freeing of the slaves.

Or did it? Legally, yes. Really, no. Even today, a hundred years later, there are vast areas over which the stars and stripes wave proudly but where freedom and civil rights depend on the color of one's skin.

In many states, the Negro is a second-class citizen, and he is made to realize it from the moment of his birth in a segregated house or cabin until he is laid to rest in a segregated cemetery. He must go to his own church or, if he goes to the white man's church, he must take his place in the rear. He has his own schools, "separate but equal"—the "separate" effectively enforced, the "equal" ignored. If he travels, he must use segregated waiting rooms, toilet facilities, restaurants, hotels, taxis, and often inferior accommodations on buses and trains. He may be much more intelligent than his white neighbors, but his opportunities for higher education and advancement are slight. Even if he is fortunate enough to secure a college education, he will probably end up earning his living at hard, manual labor.

We have little patience with the segregationists who plead for time. They tell us that you can't change local customs and traditions overnight. It must be a gradual process, a slow development, a re-education of a whole people.

But they have been given a lot of time. It's a hundred years since the Civil War began, ninety-eight years since the Emancipation Proclamation, and ninety-six years since the end of the War. That isn't a short time when it concerns the denial of fundamental civil and human rights to millions of American citizens, rights guaranteed them by the Constitution.

And—we might add—rights guaranteed to the

Negro by God Himself. God doesn't divide His children into first and second class. His Son didn't die on the cross for some and not for others. Christ didn't have whites alone in mind when He said, "Love one another as I have loved you." Segregation is a denial of essential teachings of Christianity, and those who pose as Christians and advocate or practice segregation are hypocrites.

Perhaps we Americans need a selfish rather than a moral reason for mending our ways, and such a reason isn't difficult to find. Today, the East and West are locked in battle for men's minds. On its outcome depends the survival of Western civilization and even of our freedom to profess Christianity. The chief object of the struggle right now is winning over the peoples of Asia and Africa. This is a matter of tremendous importance for the future, as half the people of the world live in Asia and Africa and they are becoming increasingly vocal and influential.

The Asian and African nations are subjected to a constant barrage of propaganda by the Reds, depicting segregation of Negroes in the United States. We make the task easy for them, because all they have to do is to tell the truth. They picture us prating about liberty, equality, and freedom for all, and then they describe American mobs full of hate and fury because a colored child enters a public school. Colored diplomats assigned to Washington or the U.N. are subjected to indignities in hotels, restaurants, taxis, and by real estate agents when they attempt to buy property. They can carry the news back home that the Red propaganda is quite accurate and that American democracy is "for whites only."

Celebration of the Civil War centenary should include a national examination of conscience. We preserved the Union and we gave the slaves legal freedom. Now at last, a hundred years later, we should go further and give the Negroes what belongs to them, the complete rights of United States citizens in every sphere of life.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.

UNDER 35

Coming up on the following pages are ten young Catholics you are likely to hear more about in the years ahead.

Charles Bracelen Flood, doing new and interesting things with the novel . . .
Dennis Clark, exploring ways to renew our obsolete cities . . . Helen Jean Rogers, bringing world affairs into sharp focus on TV.

All ten of these young people in this portfolio have come of age since World War II, and all have demonstrated a capacity to excel in the arts, sciences, professions, the apostolate. None is beyond thirty-five; each carries the promise of greater contribution in his maturer years.

John B. Mannion is doing as much as a layman can to make the public worship of the Church really public again . . . Dr. William J. Nagle keeps asking importune questions among thought-leaders about the moral problems besetting modern warfare . . . Marcus Faerber is off and running in the sort of career in politics that can help clean up the word.

They came to adulthood entirely in the atomic age, in an affluent America, in Cold War, but they may yet outlive and outstrive this century and its riddles. Heir to the questions left unanswered by the Great Depression and its climactic war, they must also find their course in a rapidly shifting social complex.

Dr. Thomas E. Wainwright is an up-front researcher in that generation of physicists who will probably dispatch man to the moon and beyond . . . Frank Hayden is helping to lead sculpture out of the Middle Ages. . . . Catharine Hughes is writing for the theater in a way that makes even Broadway critics sit through the third act . . . Paul A. Corey is showing co-laborites how community service pays off in fringe benefits called people.

Each is bringing something new to the human enterprise. Each will likely have the credentials of leadership thrust upon him. As Catholics, they are concerned about living tradition and impatient with dead custom. Committed to the first-rate, they are implanting prime values in many vital areas of America's life.



CHARLES BRACELEN FLOOD

Novelist

The popular novel these days isn't supposed to tell anything more than a good story, and earnest practitioners like Charles Bracelen Flood chafe for more license to explore ideas, as novelists used to do. But Flood's own books seem to serve not only as cracking good stories; he also has a fluency for transmitting a total human experience in a way that can leave the reader more than entertained. His first novel, *Love Is A Bridge* (1953), was story enough to rank as a best-seller for twenty-six weeks, with a hundred thousand readers perhaps better prepared to identify the creeping egoism that can undermine any marriage. In *A Distant Drum* (1957) and *Tell Me, Stranger* (1959), he continued to demonstrate traditional marital standards in conflict with current mores, but as matter for stories, not sermons. Flood's novels also chronicle his native Ivy League orbit between Park Avenue and Maine and his tours in the Army and Europe. He is an ardent alumnus of Harvard, where, little more than a decade ago, he became keenly aware that, as a Catholic, he seemed different to other people. Flood entered the Yard headed for a legal career but was diverted by Archibald MacLeish's writing seminars and the incubation of that first novel. Now thirty-one, he is an intensely disciplined craftsman, he lectures nationally on the practice of letters, and he has twice been chairman of The Keys, a group of New York Catholics engaged in the communications business. Flood has not yet finished exploring contemporary tensions, but watch for a sharp change of setting. He has come upon a rich vein of original story material in the Valley Forge winter, and November publication is planned for his first historical novel, a huge canvas at which he has worked for two years.

Attacked by lions . . . frisked by Castro agents . . . proposed marriage by an African chief . . . floating weightless in an Air Force test plane: they are all occupational hazards to ABC-TV's Helen Jean Rogers, a girl who will go anywhere to cast the powerful light of television on world affairs. Rogers' documentaries illumine shadowy phenomena like Communist penetration in Africa or revolution in Cuba. Her regular *Open Hearing* is one of the most quoted discussion panels. Her rapid advance in television—at thirty she is a ranking producer—is attributed to extraordinary preparation. After Miss Rogers left Chicago's Mundelein College at eighteen to help organize the National Student Union, she traveled the world for the Youth and Student Affairs Foundation, took degrees in drama and political science, mastered seven languages, walked with India's Vinoba Bhave. In 1957, Miss Rogers was teaching political theory at Harvard when she quit the classroom for the mass-educating device of TV. Her very first appearance on *College News Conference* was occasion for an international incident: a tizzy between Miss Rogers and Indian Ambassador Krishna Menon (who said the U.S. prolonged the Korean war) set off a Washington protest to New Delhi. Between global jaunts, the blonde mid-westerner keeps exercised with political conventions and would like to head a daytime public affairs show.

HELEN JEAN ROGERS

Television producer



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UNDER 35

DENNIS CLARK

Urban renewal

Suburbia is supposed to have lured away most thirty-three-year-old fathers by now, but Dennis Clark persists as an unredeemed city dweller, and he likes it that way. Philadelphia-born-and-bred, he has established his wife, five children, and two in-laws in a fifty-year-old, six-bedroom house in cosmopolitan West Sedgwick Street, which is about as Philadelphian as you can get. Keen to the revolutionary changes going on in obsolete American cities, Clark writes books like *Cities in Crisis* and a new one coming up on urban race relations. He also works at it full time, as housing trouble-shooter for Philadelphia's Human Relations Commission. As urban renewal chairman of the National Catholic Social Action Conference, he would incite Catholics to bring religious and human values to the renewal of jerry-built metropolises. "This is an apostolate in our own backyard, where our facilities and leadership are already concentrated." In their own backyard, the Clarks and about thirty other families have generated a sense of community for old Sedgwick Street; they celebrate feast days together, study Scripture and theology, run a summer school to strengthen the education of their youngsters. Clark is vice-president of the Philadelphia Catholic Housing Council, which does things like studying the effects of apartment-living on children and maintaining a "Nazareth Fund"—loans to help large families make down payments on critically needed houses.





JOHN B. MANNION

Liturgist

Once a carnival pitchman, John B. Mannion is now middleman in a momentous selling job: re-educating Catholics to their role in the sacred liturgy and the everyday apostolate that issues from it. The North American Liturgical Conference last year chose this thirty-year-old layman to head its new Washington headquarters. As training director for the National Council of Catholic Men, he had been a key man in development of the "Worcester plan," whereby NCCM members of that Massachusetts diocese were trained to prime active participation in the Mass pew-by-pew, parish-by-parish. This practical, breakthrough device has since been adopted by many dioceses implementing the Holy See's mandate to loosen the tongues and hearts of Catholics at Mass. The soft-spoken, red-headed Mannion's penchant for reducing the theoretical to the practical goes back about ten years to Catholic University, where he bounded from speech and drama classes to the East Coast night club circuit as a comic pantomimist. He also pitched gadgets, officered in the Army, helped sell the U.S.A. to defeated Germany. In 1954, he happened to stop in at NCCM to deliver a message to Martin Work and Dick Walsh, caught fire from them, and stayed on for five years. In his tours around the country, he speaks up for a more adequate role for Catholic laymen who, he says, should be regarded as something more than fund-raisers and organizers of social events. "Lay organizations have to be revitalized for a very challenging apostolic encounter."

WILLIAM NAGLE

Political scientist

Dr. William Nagle, ex-newsman from Davenport, Iowa, doesn't pretend to know all the answers to the problem of nuclear warfare, but he keeps asking the questions. In a new book, *Morality and Modern Warfare*, he has collected the best Catholic thought on atomic ethics so far, as a jumping-off point for wider concern by Catholics. Since Hiroshima, weapons development has far outpaced moral thinking, and this thirty-two-year-old father of six children wants morality to catch up. Finding important answers is Nagle's business. As executive director of Operations and Policy Research, Inc., a social science research group in Washington, he heads a hundred academicians who provide facts and evaluations for government agencies. This could be selecting books for U.S. distribution abroad, gathering data for Army Intelligence, researching for the State Department. He won his doctorate in political science at Georgetown University, where he also became a leader in the Catholic Association for International Peace. He was assistant to Atomic Energy Commissioner Thomas E. Murray when Murray began raising some jagged-edged questions about the morality of the bomb. On nuclear morality, he is pressing for an inter-university, inter-discipline development of ethical thought.

"Moral responsibility must be brought into stride with science. We've got a lot of work to do yet and it's getting late."



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UNDER
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MARCUS FAERBER

Politician

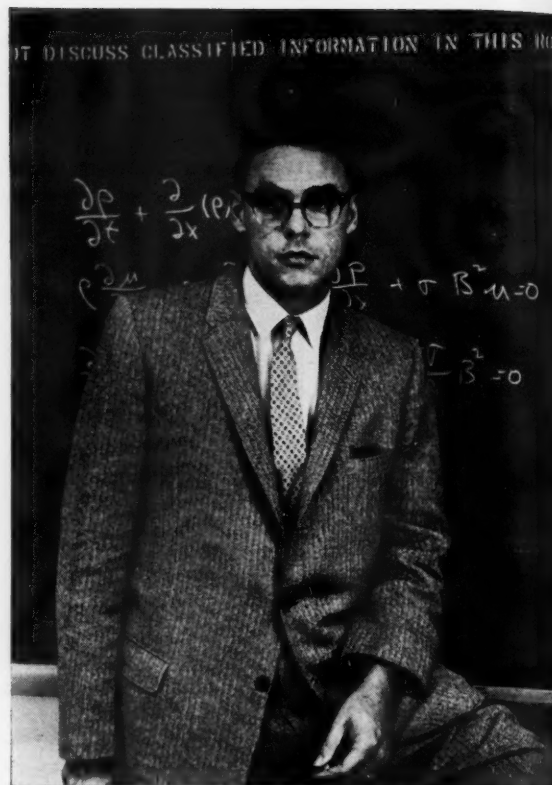
Everybody keeps saying more young people should get into local politics, but Marcus Faerber of New Ulm, Minnesota, has himself made the sacrifice. At twenty-five, he is the youngest councilman the City of New Ulm ever had and easily one of the youngest city fathers in the United States. In the balloting last November, he upset a fourteen-year incumbent to sweep into office with a new majority for the five-man ruling body. Faerber says his political motivations spring from his activity in the Young Christian Workers. He helped import the YCW to New Ulm, and he is president of its Cathedral Section, which has spawned three other YCW units. When Faerber took to political stumping last autumn, he was already hip-deep in community life. He issues from a family of ten brothers and sisters and is office manager of a big department store, scoutmaster, and mess sergeant in his National Guard outfit. He campaigned on a plank calling for representation from his long-neglected Goose-town section of New Ulm and, when the votes were counted, only seventy-one of his neighbors had disagreed with him. In the city council, Faerber is now intent on the traffic and safety problems of the booming downstate municipality. During the campaign, some people said Faerber was too young to be a councilman; now they're saying that in a few years' time Faerber might be a good man to consider sending up to St. Paul for the Legislature.



THOMAS E. WAINWRIGHT

Nuclear physicist

The nuclear physicist has been type-cast as an egghead in a white coat, frequently checked for radiation, vaguely disturbed about whether or not he is an executioner of mankind. But Dr. Thomas E. Wainwright, thirty-three, owns no white coat, hardly ever goes near radio-activity, and knows altogether why he is engaged in nuclear weapons research. "I'm sure that our having them has so far prevented anyone from shooting them." At the University of California's Lawrence Radiation Laboratory in Livermore, Wainwright works on the theoretical side of nuclear weapons: taming them, cleaning them, making them more tactically versatile. It is all of a piece with his interest in the development of nuclear power sources and, eventually, space exploration. Born in Seattle the son of an engineer, Wainwright served a postwar hitch as an Air Force radioman and studied at the University of Utah, Montana State College, Notre Dame University. Since arriving at Livermore seven years ago, he has also devoted study to statistical mechanics and other up-front research problems in classical physics. He lives nearby with his wife and a new daughter. Wainwright is a member of the Albertus Magnus Guild, a professional league of top-flight Catholic scientists. In the day-to-day of weapons research, he talks like a soldier: "I don't get much opportunity to think about the whole thing; my work is largely detail. But it's a challenge, and I'd just as soon be doing it as having someone else do it for me."



CATHARINE HUGHES

Playwright

New York drama critics say you will be hearing more about Catharine Hughes, twenty-five, whose *Madame Lafayette* was chosen as golden jubilee production at the Blackfriars' Theater. Playwriting, most exacting of the literary arts, usually requires extensive apprenticeship, but this difficult play about the dedicated wife of the French idealist was a first venture by Miss Hughes, publicity director for Sheed and Ward. She was given the idea and the encouragement by Father Thomas Carey, O.P., Blackfriars' co-founder, as she was interviewing him for a magazine. "It was hard to tell who was interviewing whom," she recalls. Then followed three summer months over a hot typewriter, an autumn of rewriting, and a winter of casting and rehearsals. She caught the fever of the community of talent that is the theater. "It is much more pleasant than sitting down in a corner to write by myself." On a stormy night in March last year, she saw her lines walk and talk on the off-Broadway stage, and the critics filed out to announce the arrival of a playwright. Miss Hughes started out from Lancaster (Pa.) Catholic High School wanting to be a newspaperwoman, working at advertising, writing for Catholic magazines. In 1957 she came to New York and Sheed and Ward. Her experience at Blackfriars' pointed her toward a career in the theater; now she's busy writing a novel with a theatrical background.

There are three reasons why Paul A. Corey, thirty-four, is not president of the 60,000-member American Federation of Teachers (AFL-CIO). The votes were pledged to him at last year's national convention, but he turned down the \$14,500 post because: (1) back home in Cleveland, his wife Marie had just presented him with a baby girl; (2) the Cleveland Teachers Union wanted him as administrator; and (3) "There is a remarkable new generation of labor-leading talent coming out of Cleveland," he says. "It could signify a renaissance for the entire American labor movement. I want to stay home and help out." Corey helps out around Cleveland in about thirty different community, education, and labor organizations, and in most of them at the policy level. This is considerable getting around for a youngster once crippled by polio and still limping on a brace. It was at Rose-Mary Home for Crippled Children where the chaplain, now Auxiliary Bishop Floyd L. Begin, showed him the importance of *other* people's problems. His union bargains first for better classroom conditions, then money. "If all we wanted was money, we shouldn't be teaching." He is founder of the Cleveland Federation of Government Employees, whose 14,000 members aren't allowed to strike (though Corey has made it plain to elected officials that they all vote). If that labor renaissance does emerge from Cleveland, you can expect it to reflect the idealism of Paul Corey: "Labor should be a working partner in the community. What's best for the whole community is best for both labor and management."

PAUL A. COREY

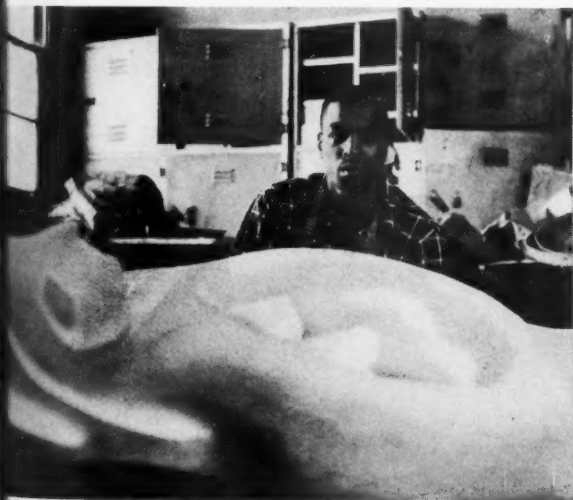
Labor leader



FRANK HAYDEN

Sculptor

The sculptures emerging from an attic studio over Xavier University's library in New Orleans are causing Frank Hayden, twenty-seven, to be talked about as one of the most promising sculptors in the United States. That's the level of evaluation at his exhibits in the South, the Midwest, and in Germany. For himself, he says, "I feel a tremendous compulsion to make sure that each is a work of quality." Hayden first came to Xavier because his widowed mother, a parochial school teacher in Memphis, worked as housemaid and movie usher to make sure Frank went to college. Xavier discovered Hayden's power to impart meaningful form to stone, clay, bronze, terrazzo. Notre Dame's Ivan Mestrovic developed his discipline; Iowa State University welcomed him with a graduate assistantship, and a Fulbright fellowship sent him to the Munich Art Academy. "I came back with a whole lump of new ideas and I want to transmit them, but you just can't transmit them all at once." He tries anyway, by chipping away for about fourteen hours a day, and his works of sacred art now adorn churches, schools, and seminaries in several states. He doesn't hesitate before abstract concepts which would seem to defy form, like his current *Mary's Conception of Christ*, a seven-foot standing figure. Architectural sculpture is his new interest, conceiving a whole parish in a harmony of line and image.



**UNDER
35**

Family-Sized Mountain



n



"For summer fun, my family climbs mountains. It's not only healthy and inexpensive, but we've learned a lot about life during our treks. Look around, there's likely a family-sized mountain near you"

Really big achievement is always a string of very tiny steps. That's what this granite flank of New Hampshire's Grand Monadnock in the accompanying photo is teaching my youngsters as I help them up to a place where they can sit at the edge of a cloud. It's one of a hundred lessons learned in several summers of mountain climbing, family style. Along with thousands of other families, we have discovered the fun of mountains big enough to present a bit of a challenge, small enough for very little legs. I call them "family-sized mountains." Say, between three thousand and four thousand feet above sea level. That's not very high according to mountaineering standards, but I have exchanged the illusion of athletic attainment for a Himalayan heap of family fun. I no longer measure achievement in altitude but in laughs.

The pitter-patter of family climbers is on a national upswing, with the continent's two great mountain fields, now cross-hatched with express highways and well-marked trails, providing a "family mountain" within driving distance of almost every American backyard. No other sporting endeavor totally engages the vacationing family as climbing mountain slopes. Taken in moderation, it appeals to the entire range of age-and-interest in any household and nearly the whole scale of physical capability. It drills every member, and at once, in teamplay. During usual vacation weather, the family-sized mountains require no special equipment. Families who take to the hills for their recreation also enjoy an expense advantage unique in our time: the commercializing genius of our age has not yet figured out how to charge people for climbing a mountain.

Most of all, mountains teach things: about perseverance, about perspective, about how the appearances of things depend altogether on where you stand at the moment. It seems that whenever God wants to teach us something important, He says it from a piece of high ground, like Sinai or Tabor or Calvary. My children have seen how there's no such thing as a stranger on a mountainside; climbers just don't pass each other with the same indifference they might, say, on Main Street. Climbing parties frequently fall in step together and exchange their experiences, their joys—the things that are worth sharing. From the mountains, my family has learned that the higher we go, the closer we must become.

TEXT BY EDWARD SULLIVAN
PHOTOS BY ED LETTAU

It is a point of pride with my oldest son that he is the only kid on our block ever to have belted his dad with a snowball in mid-July. The occasion was our first father-and-son ascent of Mount Washington (elevation 6,288 feet) on the top of New Hampshire. The snow was hiding from small boys in the shadows of Tuckerman's Ravine. I had been about the same age when I first climbed Washington, so I can understand what the sudden discovery of snow in July, and at high altitude, can do to an eight-year-old.

Our only other hazard that day was a nearly straight-up rock gully which we had mistaken for the upward track. It seems that on a mountain, like anywhere else, the way to the top is not always *up*. As Dana achieved the final brink of that dizzying passage, I blew hard with something like paternal pride. I thought my son just about the gamest kid above four thousand feet—until we met a couple bounding up the summit boulders with their four-year-old daughter.

That little girl's smile, filled with the wonder that goes with standing in a place where she could reach out and touch the sky, telegraphed a message to me from all the little ones I had left at home. If I couldn't bring the mountains to my family, I could certainly. . . .

THAT I now troop off to the mountains fully equipped with wife and four or five wee children is sometimes disconcerting to my neighbors in Jersey City (elevation twenty feet). But I have now scaled down my alpine aspirations to family-size, and I am no longer a man divided. We share this good thing together.

We prefer New Hampshire, where glacial action has scraped down the timberline on several little mountains so that all the mystery of the big peaks is available in child-sized miniature. Folks around North Conway call their Mount Chocorua "The American Matterhorn"—and it looks it—but its pinnacle is an afternoon's climb. Hunched on great shoulders over Newfound Lake is Mount Cardigan, where the alert man in the fire tower and his squawking two-way radio give children a dramatic lesson in forest preservation.

Our very favorite mountain is the Grand Monadnock, a mere 3,165 feet, but standing imperially alone over central New England like a ruling queen. She has a magnificence of line and contour that lend her added greatness, particularly when she dons ermine for winter. She was a deity to the Indians, of course, and from her bluffs Thoreau could contemplate all of his world.

Hardy mountaineers who have climbed really big mountains keep coming back to her, some even to specialize. In a recent mountaineering journal, a middle-aged couple logged 264 Monadnock ascents. This poor man's Everest is the only thing like a crowded mountain I have ever seen. On a favorable summer day, its summit can swarm with the hustle of a bus terminal. In that part of New Hampshire, there is a tradition that a boy really isn't four years old until he has climbed Monadnock.

If they can walk, they can climb. Children are actually more sure-footed than adults, who develop special pedal habits that reduce versatility. In those first walking years, reflexes and balance are keener than they ever will be again. Best natural climber in our house is Miriam, five, who scoots up mountain-sides like a bug. We know we have arrived when Miriam, usually first on top of anything, dances on the horizon and squeals: "The tippety-top! The real tippety-top!"

However, I can be reasonable about all this. Though a baby-pack rig can be had for less than the price of a day's babysitting, I do think Andrew, at ten months, is too young for this sort of thing. He isn't *aware* of the mountain yet. But Martin, at two, begins to catch the special excitement of it: at three, Peter can take most of the steps by himself; Miriam and Christine, six, are self-propelled, and of course Number One Son Dana is old hand on top side.

I would not demean Everest's Hilary nor the Matterhorn's Whymper, but the most intrepid piece of mountaineering in my book is the unassisted descent of my wife down several hundred feet of the steep side of Monadnock with the two toddlers, Peter and Martin. She had stepped out of the upward march when Martin insisted on his usual afternoon nap right there on a ledge overhanging much of New England. Call it Camp IV. Later, I deposited Peter at IV, before he became startled by the backward pitch, which I felt was getting too strong for a three-year-old. When our summit party returned, we found IV abandoned to the winds and the setting sun. Not even a diaper pin. To save twilight, Nancy and her two tiny companions had started down—over huge rock steps bigger than she (elevation five feet), all the way down to the high timber. It needed real brinkmanship and perfect command of those two urchins to hand them down one by one over that giddy stairway built for giants. There's a gal to match my mountains.

"If a child
can walk, he
can climb.
Even wives
can master
brinkmanship"



"Wooded slopes invite us to begin ascent in New Hampshire"



"The wonders of discovery of nature"



"No climbers worth their salt venture forth without a water canteen—and leave a little for us, will you?"

If you are like me, you will disregard the following Eight Rules for Family Mountain Climbing until you have made your own eight mistakes . . .

1. You will ignore all the advice you get about the importance of good strong shoes—until you have seen a pair of oxfords rip apart before your very eyes in a single hour of pounding descent. Ankle-supporting high-tops are best for heavier people; rubber-soled flats are okay for flyweights. Heels, female, are definitely out.

2. Those summits you see toasting up there in the hot summer sun can't really be as wintry as the warnings posted at the bottom of the trail would have it—so go ahead up in your T-shirt and *freeze*. If it's July at the foot of a family mountain, you can generally estimate it's about November on top, so bring extra sweaters.

3. Unaware of his rapid dehydration at altitude, Urban Man can also think it unsophisticated to carry an ample canteen—until that long, parched return when he would give every credit card he owns for a slug of water, straight. True, mountains and their rilly streams are mother to all the waters, but the taps are not always on.

4. In with the sweaters and sandwiches, pack a coil of lightweight nylon rope and two flashlights, as insurance against unanticipated hazards. The rope can also be handy for hoisting small boys and girls up and down steps just too long for their little legs. Just sling it under their shoulders to control their delighted leaps into space. Delays on the trail—a hazard peculiar to family parties—may someday require that a downhill march be made in darkness. Those flashlights will find the way home.

5. Now that you have assembled your climbing equipment, such as it is, all you need is a mountain. State recreation bureaus and public libraries can provide you with regional trail maps and guide books that will help you select your mountain in terms of accessibility, hours of ascent, even parking space. Foresters, climbers, and mountain buffs are constantly improving these maps; you will find yourself better directed in the mountain regions than in a Manhattan subway.

6. Pick a nice tame mountain for a starter. A good place for families to acclimatize, as the real mountaineers say, would be a mountain like Kearsarge, nearly three thousand feet over a state park near Warner, New Hampshire. A toll road does most of the climbing, to a point the guide book considers twenty minutes from the top. It's a good idea to double such estimates for families with small children—and daddies who

usually do their climbing in elevators. Another good idea is to pause frequently to permit youngsters to get used to the rapidly shifting perspective. On Kearsarge's mildly venturesome height, our Martin scored his first summit, just in time for his second birthday.

7. Neither adults nor children ought venture a mountain trail without their full quota of sleep and rest; lack of it is frequently the cause of so-called height dizziness. One day on the upper crags of Chocorua, the mother of my children balked at a rather easy corner. She simply refused to swing her foot around to a step she couldn't see, though she is known to be capable of far more derring-do. What really stopped her was the fatigue lingering from a recent illness.

8. Allow yourself plenty of time. Follow the trail markers, and move along slowly. Mountain climbers are persistently caricatured as energetic daredevils, but most I have seen are leisurely types constantly seeking the *easiest* way up.

THE team effort of the family on the mountainside exercises each member in the practice of strength-supplementing-weakness. We seem to pair off: the strongest climber with the weakest, and so on, until each pair is of about equal strength and pace.

Mountains also have a way of magnifying human traits, which can be revealing to parents mystified by what they have wrought. Dana's incipient powers of leadership take on montane dimensions, as do Christine's impishness, Miriam's nimbleness, Peter's craving for others, and Martin's indomitable good cheer.

In between laughs, we sing. It helps to shorten the long forest marches. The sound of children singing does something wonderful to a mountain valley. The mountain picks up the tune and, in a chorus of echoes, sings right along.

Geologists say that the lower mountains are usually the older ones. That is, God takes extra time and trouble to fashion a family-sized mountain: a breath of wind here, a sharp jab of lightning there, the gentle, cutting action of a stream set in motion a million years ago. And the little mountains, like their big brothers, have their personal quirks. They can be moody and capricious like a father's whims, or warm and strong and gentle, like a mother's arms.

Mountain men say you can tell pretty much what a man thinks is important by the things he carries on his back to a mountain top. I am willing to carry any of these little children.

"Follow
Sullivan's
eight rules
and you'll
be master of
the mountains"



*"We rest a little on
Monadnock's roof—
and some rest a little
more than others.
Then we re-group for
the trek down"*



*"We straggle back
to the forest. Martin
doesn't see why he
should scramble over
the rocks when there's
an easier way down"*

TWO MORE JONESES HAVE GONE TO SUBURBIA

A case history of Lois and David Jones, a Negro couple who moved into a "white" suburb of Chicago. How the community reacted to the newcomers. And the leaders who made the move successful

BY BOB SENSER

■ Moving time, an unsettling occasion at best, was especially hectic for David and Lois Jones, a Chicago couple who had just purchased a home in suburban Skokie, Illinois. As they were packing the kitchen utensils in their four-room apartment on the night of last January 30, they got a call from a newspaper reporter. "I wish you luck," he said, "but I don't think you'll move in tomorrow."

The news from Skokie was bad. A dozen or more hostile people were milling around the Jones's home in Skokie and chanting: "We don't want niggers here." Before the police arrived to disperse them, somebody had thrown rocks through the front picture window and two back windows of the new home into which the Joneses were to move the next day.

Should they back out now, after a year of searching and many disappointments? David and Lois Jones continued packing. "We've been slapped down before," Lois said. "We might as well take the chance again."

The Joneses moved in the next morning as three Skokie police cars stood by. Day and night for two months a police car remained parked at the Jones's driveway. Now even that car is gone and, except for minor harassment, all is quiet. Apart from domestics, the Joneses are the first and only Negroes among Skokie's 60,000 residents.

Skokie is a dramatic example of a suburban community that wrestled with its conscience. All over America, the story is the same: the big cities are becoming heavily Negro in population, but the suburban areas are remaining predominantly white. Chicago, for example, is 22.9 per cent Negro, but its suburbs are only 2.9 per cent Negro. Unlike many other suburbs in the country, Skokie came up with the right answer when the challenge came—that it could no longer maintain racial barriers. Most Skokie leaders probably would have preferred to delay the change, but when it came, they made the choice not to fight it but to protect the rights of the Joneses.

Without such positive leadership, Skokie might well have gone the way of Deerfield, a suburb seven miles to the north, which, just before Christmas a year earlier, became nationally notorious for successfully opposing a racially integrated subdivision. In all-white Deerfield, a builder had started construction on fifty homes (in the \$30,000-\$35,000 bracket) that would have included ten or twelve Negro families. But when the integration plans leaked out, Deerfield leaders decided to turn the housing tract into a park. Through a bond issue election, they won the overwhelming approval of voters who feared depreciating property values.

In Deerfield, racial bigotry arose before any Negroes

even had a chance to visit the homes under construction. By contrast, the people of Skokie were faced not with an abstraction but with a specific couple bearing all suburban credentials save one, that of the correct skin shading.

David Jones, twenty-eight, son of a Syracuse postal worker, has degrees from the University of Illinois (B.A.) and from Loyola University in Chicago (M.A.). Lois, twenty-seven, formerly of Okmulgee, Oklahoma, where her stepfather worked as a grocery clerk, graduated from St. Francis College in Joliet, Illinois, with a degree in chemistry. Both have well-paying professional jobs. David is a statistical analyst; Lois, an industrial research chemist.

Like millions of their generation, the Joneses have risen above their parents' social and economic position. By education, income, and job status, they belong in America's middle class—the group that caused the suburbs to swell in the postwar years. Their incomes and savings, including a nest-egg from David's fifteen months as a lieutenant in Korea, gave them the means to buy a good home in a suburb.

In other ways, too, the Joneses differ markedly from the stereotype of the Negro. Their speech has hardly a trace of the Southern Negro accent. They are at ease in their relations with white people—neither retiring nor aggressive. Dissatisfied with the apartment living that is the lot of most Negroes, they have long had a firm goal of buying a home.

Once, while driving through a Chicago suburb while on a vacation trip, Lois told David, "It would be nice to live in a place like this." At first they regarded it as inevitable that all doors outside the Negro ghetto would be closed to them. Nonsense, said white suburbanite friends.

Early in 1960, they started actively looking outside the areas conceded to Negro occupancy. In thus breaking the unwritten rules of the game, the Joneses received a wide variety of brush-offs. The coldest of them all was the time everybody in a real estate office simply ignored them, as though they had not even entered the office. At another place, a clerk bluntly announced: "We don't sell to colored." In a more devious fashion, other real estate men claimed that somebody had just bought the last available home.

The Joneses kept looking. For some time they had their eyes on a split-level, brick-and-frame house going up in the village of Skokie, one of a thick cluster of suburbs north of Chicago. When the home was nearly finished, they managed to look through the building without an agent. Then they mustered the courage to confront the real estate man.

"I have a problem," the real estate man said.

"What is your problem?" David Jones asked.

Somebody else in the real estate office interrupted to say

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*Lois and David Jones
in front of their home
in Skokie, Illinois,
a suburb that lowered its
barrier against
Negro residents*

that the house was already sold. But the realtor ignored this lie as he explained that he really liked the colored people and that he even hired them. But, he pointed out, Skokie had no Negro home owners. "I've been in business for thirty years," he said, "and if I sold to you, it would jeopardize my business. There'd be trouble, for you and for me."

After a prolonged discussion with the young couple, however, the agent seemed to grow genuinely sympathetic, and he offered this hope: "Let me ask around and see whether we can swing it. Maybe you'll have a deal."

When David phoned the next morning, the "Maybe" had again become a "No," softened only by "I'm very sorry."

Among the attractions of Skokie was its closeness to Lois' laboratory, which had recently moved to a northern suburb. So, stymied in their efforts to buy the house they wanted through normal channels, they considered an offer by a Jewish couple to buy the house themselves for resale to the Joneses. David and Lois had misgivings over getting other people involved in their struggle. But the Jewish wife, pointing out that she was a survivor of Nazi concentration camps, said: "We want to do what we can to fight such evil."

The two-step transaction, with all the technicalities of financing and insurance, proved to be even more complicated than expected. In the meantime, the original owner learned the full story, tried to cancel the deal, and failed only because the deed had been transferred officially in the county clerk's office just a few hours earlier.

Not long after the movers had finished their work, a man rang the Jones's doorbell to welcome them to Skokie. The man, living only a block away, was keenly aware of the opposition of other neighbors and therefore said: "I hope you stick this thing through, for our sake as well as yours." Later, another resident, a lawyer, dropped over to leave a present—a philodendron plant. "If you need help," he said, "be sure to let us know."

That evening the trustees of the village of Skokie met and released a public statement declaring: "We are confident that all citizens of Skokie share our determination to maintain law and order and to preserve the good name of our community."

This statement not only seemed to reflect the majority opinion in Skokie but was in harmony with a national trend. In 1939, a national poll showed that less than 20 per cent of white Americans favored residential integration; by 1956, according to the National Opinion Research Center, the number had grown to 51 per cent.

But some of the Jones's immediate neighbors formed part of a vocal minority. A nearby woman once chanted at David: "Nigger, nigger, why don't you go back to where you came from?" One neighbor, discovering that the Joneses were frequent communicants, wrote an anonymous letter suggesting that the Christian thing for them to do was to move and let the neighborhood return to its peaceful state.

On Easter Sunday, while the Joneses were at Mass, somebody splashed a can of white paint across the front wall of their home. On another occasion, the Joneses returned home from work to find that they could not unlock any of their doors: the keyholes were all clogged with small nails and liquid solder.

These experiences, disturbing as they were, did not match the tense hours of the first few weeks, when floodlights illuminated their back yard all night and when a police car, its motor idling, sat at the front door. The Joneses often woke very early in the morning—and the reason was not just that they were accustomed to a dark apartment bedroom that shielded the sunrise. Ordinary noises, a door slamming nearby, a car backfiring, sometimes aroused the Jones's suspicions and put them on edge.

What was reassuring, during those uncertain early days, was the support demonstrated by influential people in the



Two kinds of visitors. Blanche and Herbert Hersh, Skokie neighbors of the Joneses, stop by for coffee and conversation. Another visitor, less than friendly, smeared paint on the house while the Joneses were at Mass



Relax and plan. John McDermott, director of the Catholic Interracial Council, spent two weeks keeping Skokie calm. He helped relax the Joneses and conferred with Father Arthur Sauer on ways to nip wild rumors



PHOTOS BY MIKE SHEA-PIX

community. Most important of all, the religious leaders—Catholics, Protestant, Jewish—by their words and their deeds showed unmistakably that they stood by the Joneses.

Only a few months earlier, Albert Cardinal Meyer, archbishop of Chicago, had quietly urged his priests to take the leadership in the cause of interracial justice. Father Arthur R. Sauer, administrator of Skokie's St. Peter's Church, did so. During his thirty priestly years in Chicago's well-to-do north shore area, Father Sauer had grown convinced that suburban integration was inevitable. ("The question," he says, "is not if it will come, but *when*.") In a pastoral letter read at all Masses one Sunday shortly after the Joneses moved into the village, Father Sauer stated: "We will not be another Deerfield, nor another Little Rock."

Some of his parishioners grumbled. "I go to Communion every day, Father," one woman said, "and I disagree with you." To which Father Sauer replied: "My dear lady, has it occurred to you that a daily communicant can be a hypocrite too?"

Meanwhile, other clergymen were also appealing to people's consciences. Addressing a protest meeting that included a large number of Jewish residents, Rabbi Sidney J. Jacobs, of the Niles Township Jewish Congregation, asked: "Has the death of six million Jews meant *nothing* to you? Where have we Americans, Jew and non-Jew alike, been all these years? Don't you know that American society can no longer be continued on the basis of denial of rights to citizens?"

Leaders like Village Manager Bernard Marsh, Father Sauer, and Rabbi Jacobs joined together to calm the immediate neighbors of the Joneses. Four teams made up of three men each—a village official, a real estate agent, and a clergyman—went from house to house. Each person spoke in his own role to assure people that all would be well—if the neighbors did their share.

The co-operation of the realtors came after a great deal of soul searching on their part, since by near universal custom, the real estate profession actively enforces, or at least accepts, housing segregation according to race.

A few of the Skokie real estate men had read of recent studies made of race and property values in Philadelphia and San Francisco. These studies, made by a housing economist, showed that the odds are four-to-one that the coming of Negroes will not cause property values to drop, and the odds are even greater if the whites do not panic at all. So the Skokie real estate men, in answer to local concern about property values, were able to make a firm point to residents: "You control the situation. If you get scared and sell to speculators, naturally you'll lose your shirts."

At first this argument failed to make much of a dent. One morning as they left for work, the Joneses counted nearly a dozen "for sale" signs on lawns up and down the street. Within a week or so, however, after emotions cooled somewhat, all but one owner took down their signs. Fears diminished when white buyers purchased two newly built homes nearby at the normal market price.

So far, no other Negro family has moved into Skokie, and a village official quite frankly told a group of troubled residents that no other Negro ought to do so for a while. Even this failed to placate one dissenter. "See there," she jeered, "you discriminate, you discriminate!"

In this atmosphere, some people readily believe rumors that the Jones's presence is a conspiracy plotted by the NAACP, the Urban League, or some other trouble-making "outsiders." Three outsiders, all race relations professionals, none attached to a Negro agency, did play an advisory role, but only after the property was purchased. One of these "outsiders" was John McDermott, who late last year became executive director of the Catholic Interracial Council of

(Continued on page 70)

■ Arthur J. Goldberg, President Kennedy's fifty-two-year-old Secretary of Labor, has been called a "trouble-chasing go-getter" and a "whirlwind at work." He has set a dazzling pace, stepping into two major strikes and touring depressed areas in his self-described role as "counsel for the public interest." Though he has been connected with the labor movement for twenty-five years, his fairness in trying to protect the public in labor-management disputes is a major fact of his reputation. As he makes clear in the accompanying interview, he holds great hopes in the usefulness of labor-management discussions (other than at a bargaining table) and he is the first chairman of the President's Labor-Management Advisory Committee.

Born in Chicago of an immigrant Russian Jewish father, Goldberg began work at twelve and graduated in law at the top of his class at Northwestern University before he was twenty-one. It was the late Philip Murray who brought him onto the national labor scene, first as counsel for the Steelworkers, then as general counsel for the CIO. Goldberg showed the affection between the two men by originating an annual Mass offered in memory of Murray; the Mass is attended by Jews and Protestants as well as Catholics. He and his wife Dorothy have a daughter and a son.

Labor Secretary Goldberg's "BETTER CLIMATE"



Goldberg has ear of the President and George Meany

**An interview with Arthur Goldberg,
by Msgr. George G. Higgins, director,
Social Action Department, N.C.W.C.**

Mr. Secretary, in an interview with "U.S. News & World Report" (Feb. 27), you spoke several times of your desire to create "a better climate of feeling and understanding" between labor and management in the United States. You indicated that labor and management relations had worsened during the past few years. Could you give some examples?

Well, the 116-day steel dispute of 1959 and the recent airline dispute immediately come to mind. Generally, though, I think it's unfair to single out any particular industry, or any particular situation. I believe that the union line has become tougher, the management line has become tougher, and the middle ground is not as clearly discernible as it used to be. There were times, it seems to me, that, when both sides sat down, each had a pretty clear idea of what an eventual settlement could look like. Too often, today, I don't think that's the case. Labor and management come to the bargaining table with hardened attitudes under a mutual cloud as to just where their talks are going to lead.

What are some of the main reasons why management adopted a tougher line?

There are many, and they vary from case to case. One of the main reasons, I believe, lies in the ascendancy of the so-called "organization man." A product of the system, these men gain positions of leadership by adapting their thinking and actions to institutional thought and positions. They are, for the most part, insulated from the actual operational and human problems involved. They see these problems as columns in a ledger or figures on a slide rule. In addition, over the past several years, I believe that management thought, rightly or wrongly, that the Administration in Washington welcomed and supported a "get tough attitude" in collective bargaining. Also, of course, there are other reasons, economic ones. But I do not believe they are as important in forming hardened attitudes—as actually important as they may be—as some people think.

Why has labor's line grown tougher?

I think you can list, in general, the same reasons that management's line has grown tougher. The unions have their "organization men" too. They also can be as isolated from the realities of the situation as their counterparts across the bargaining table. As with management, labor also has economic problems. But I do not believe that these economic problems, themselves, cause a hardening of attitudes.

Is it essential for your "better climate" for labor and management not only to have an understanding of each other's problems but also to have a deeper sense of justice and a better sense of fair play to the other fellow?

Yes, such an understanding is basic to a "better climate." Also basic, I believe, is the recognition by both labor and management that their main, over-all responsibility is to the public interest, which must come first, above other considerations.

Do you think both management and labor notably fail in their regard for the public interest?

"Notably" is a pretty strong adjective, but I would be less than frank if I did not say that both labor and management have failed in many cases to consider the public interest. However, it should be pointed out in fairness that many people believe that the public interest is best served by the clash of private interests. I don't doubt the sincerity of this belief, but I question its wisdom in a modern world.

What are some of the major problems which management faces today?

Technological change and its effect on employment appear to me to be the biggest problem that management faces. Tied in directly with this is the problem of humanizing its own institution and also the problems raised by the recent price-fixing case. I think management's problems are moral and ethical as well as economic.

Would it improve the moral climate if management better understood the problems of labor?

Certainly, it would help. This is tied in with the last question, since an understanding of economic problems, without an understanding of the human problems involved, usually leads to poor solutions. Ethical and moral considerations must be applied to problems involving men and women.

What are some major problems facing unions today?

The major problem is the same as that of management: technological change. It is the problem of finding jobs for people displaced by this change. Other problems involve the apathy of union-membership, the democratizing of unions in fact as well as in name, and the extension of union activity into white collar and technical employment. Another big area, long ignored by the mainstream of labor, are migratory and farm workers, who offer a difficult challenge to unions.

Would it improve the moral climate if employees had a better understanding of the problems of management?

Yes, it definitely would. I believe that the creation of larger and larger units of production farther and farther away from the decision-makers has made the worker less and less knowledgeable and hence less concerned with the affairs of management. Management itself is responsible for this trend. And where it has tried to communicate, too often its purpose is not to truly inform but rather to soften up the workers for some plan it has in mind. I think the Kaiser Committee is an excellent example of the proper approach to communication between labor and management. That effort needs encouragement and emulation.

In your interview with "U.S. News & World Report," you indicated that when a major strike occurs the instinct of all management people is to egg on the particular management struck—whereas the instinct of all union people is to egg on the particular union striking. This is sort of a "my country—right or wrong" attitude. Have you any plans for delivering these industrial impasses from the state of blind devotion by providing a firm basis of reason and justice to all?

Yes, I have. This was one of the principal reasons for the creation of the new Presidential Advisory Committee on Labor-Management Policy. The Committee, I hope, can improve the climate so as to eliminate this sort of lining up of continental armies to fight a brushfire war.

Will this new committee be geared to the creation of a better climate of understanding and co-operation between labor and management?

Yes, this is the principal basis for the Committee's existence. Within the framework of a mutual consideration of the problems set forth by the President—free and responsible collective bargaining, industrial peace, advancing standard of living, the automation question, competitive position in

the world market, sound wage and price policies, and the rest—I would certainly hope that we would promote greater understanding and co-operation.

How do they propose to bring this about?

Through a continuing consideration of the kind of matters I have already referred to; a consideration which takes place outside the realm of institutionalized labor-management procedures and which operates within the light of the national interest as manifested in the Committee's capacity as a Presidential body.

Are there any healthy indications that labor and management are willing to work together to increase efficiency, cut costs, and increase production while holding steady on prices?

Yes, there are hopeful signs. The price level has been relatively steady for several years and wage increases have been fairly moderate. Some of this can be chalked up to the recession, I suppose, but it is also due to a large extent to conscious policies. Steel, for example, absorbed two wage increases without a price increase, and auto prices have been generally steady. This is a welcome development and one which I hope continues.

You apparently defend industry-wide bargaining. Should big unions adopt policies that would enable local plants to contract with management more flexibly?

I defend industry-wide bargaining where it serves a social need. In the garment industry, for instance, the introduction of industry-wide bargaining eliminated the sweatshop, child-labor, and other similar practices. It is desirable in mass production industries because it provides equality of economic power, which is essential for sound collective bargaining. Even in the large industries, however, there is still room for local agreements covering seniority and like matters.

On the other hand, in the building trades, for example, industry-wide bargaining would not ordinarily be feasible and local agreements are the rule.

Different means are necessary where conditions are different.

It is now possible to deal with unions, up to a considerable point, as a single American institution. For example, through the Ethical Practices Committee of the AFL-CIO, it is possible to sit down at one table and make decisions concerning decency, fair play, and justice that will then radiate through a large segment of the work force of America. Wouldn't it help if there were some similar focal point of moral force established by business firms and corporations?

I don't think you can equate the two in this area. To my way of thinking, the labor leader has a much higher responsibility because his personal morals and everyday decisions have a direct effect on the lives of a large number of individuals who have accepted him as a leader and who have every right to expect that there is no risk involved. I would encourage the NAM or Chamber of Commerce or other business organizations to consider a code of ethics as the labor organizations have done, because I don't think that what business has done to date in the field of ethics is adequate.

You say it's unrealistic and unworkable to bring unions under anti-trust laws. But don't you think that with the growing power of unions there should be more adequate

sanctions of law when a particular union irresponsibly causes grave harm to the public or to a corporation?

There are many laws on the books now in this area, like the Taft-Hartley Act and Landrum-Griffin. Despite different views about these laws, so long as they remain on the statute books they will be enforced fairly and vigorously. I would oppose the extension of the anti-trust laws beyond their present application to those unions which conspire with management. I believe the strongest deterrent to the abuse of power by unions is the mobilization of public pressure. This would seem to me to be a much more effective approach to this kind of problem.

You indicate that you are opposed to any further legislation for labor-management relations. You appear to be opposed to any further government control. You insist on the necessity of maintaining a free economy in America. In view of the absence of a clear understanding of the demands of the public economic good on labor and management alike, how do you propose to bring about industrial peace and economic efficiency, without resorting to further governmental intervention?

I believe the President's Labor-Management Advisory Committee can lead the way. But, naturally, these twenty-one men cannot do it all alone. Similar attempts at the local level by labor, management, and the public are necessary. Besides this, I have under study the whole area of labor law to determine what, if any, changes appear desirable.

What major social changes in America have momentarily served to create more difficult problems for labor and management?

The principal problem today is that of "automation" used in its broadest sense. While technological change is certainly nothing new, its intensification, at a time when the economy is not expanding sufficiently to provide jobs for displaced workers, makes for serious difficulties for both management and labor. The problem of enforced idleness due to changing technology is fast becoming the number one item on the collective bargaining agenda.

Turning to an immediate concern, what are some of the basic causes of current unemployment?

First, we have had three recessions during the past ten years, and each time after we have come out of them, after the business cycle has turned upward, we have been left with a residue of unemployment which the economy has not fully absorbed—the people who were not rehired as a result of the upturn because they had been replaced by technological change, plus the new entrants into the labor force.

Then there is a hard core of chronic unemployment in the so-called "distressed areas." A one-industry town has lost a plant, a mine seam has run out, or a local industry has turned increasingly to automated techniques.

So you have these two factors, in addition to the unemployment as a result of the current recession.

I think we must also look at the dimensions of the problem to understand the seriousness of the situation and to place it in proper perspective in terms of the challenge ahead of us.

We currently have 5,500,000 workers fully unemployed. We will have an increase in the labor force over the next year of 1,300,000 as the so-called "war babies" begin to look for work. Then if you take into account the so-called productivity and improvement factor, you add another 1,800,000 to the total. This gives you 8,600,000 jobs to

provide during the next year to completely eliminate unemployment. Now, we have always, for good statistical reasons, not included the part-time employed in our unemployed figures, even though they are looking for full-time jobs. There are some three million such people. And, if you convert them to full-time jobs, you must add another 1,900,000 to the total. This means that to put everyone to work who wants to work full time, we will have to provide 10,500,000 jobs over the next year.

Now, if we assume that there will be a level of unemployment of, say, 4 per cent—which has been used by some people as a probable attainable, but not a desirable, level of unemployment—that would take 3,200,000 away from the total, which would mean that we would have to provide jobs during the next year for 7,300,000 people, and we would still emerge with 4 per cent unemployment.

Obviously, there are some severely depressed areas in the United States. What measures will the Federal Government take to restore them to economic health?

The Administration's 394 million dollar program is a step in the right direction and will help these locales to restore themselves to economic health. Basically, the program will materially assist the growth of new industries in these areas, and, as I said, assist the individual to acquire new skills and training. From our experience with this program, there may evolve broader and more substantial programs, depending upon the need.

One of the big blights on the national conscience is the way we treat migrant workers. What practical steps can the Federal Government take to remedy this?

I believe the Federal Government must act to help the migrant the same way it acted to prevent child labor and to protect women workers. I would vigorously advocate broad programs to help the migrant.

What plans has the Federal Government for lessening discrimination in industry?

The new President's Committee on Equal Employment Opportunity should prove a potent force in this area. It will have authority to put an end to discriminatory hiring practices, not only within the Federal Government, but also on all work sites handling government contracts. These, of course, cover a tremendously wide range of industries and represent a highly significant portion of the entire gross national product. Its effect, therefore, should be felt widely.

Is the Federal Government planning to aid urban renewal?

Yes. The President has already put before the Congress a set of proposals in the housing field which should aid greatly in the nation's grave need to begin the elimination of blight so apparent in our larger, older cities.

Some of your ideas on co-operation between business, labor, and the public resemble the Industry Council Plan of the popes. Do you care to comment?

Yes. I have read the papal encyclicals dealing with labor and social welfare matters. They are great contributions in this field, and I commend them as fine expressions of social conscience. My own life, of course, was greatly influenced at an early age by the precepts I absorbed from my family background and from rabbinical teachings, both heavily steeped in the philosophy of the Old Testament.

I have studied with interest the concept of the Industry Council Plan, as outlined by the popes, along with similar ideas in this area set forth by the National Council of Churches of Christ and by a number of rabbinical groups which have interested themselves in this question. I would say that my own thinking and the development of my own ideas in this respect have been influenced considerably by these documents.



PHOTOS BY JACQUES LOWE

Mr. Secretary at home with his wife, Dorothy, who is an artist; she considers herself unimportant but has had five one-man shows



"The Pilgrims of Emmaus," by Dutch artist Jan Vermeer

When Christ Attended Dinner

by BISHOP JOHN J. WRIGHT

SOME of us are obliged by the duties of our state in life to spend long hours at banquet tables. Usually, in all honor, circumstances of occasion or persons make the time pleasant and worthwhile. But sometimes one has a twinge of conscience. Could not such time be put to better use?

At a Serra banquet in Genoa, Cardinal Siri made a remark in conversation which has helped solve this problem of conscience, for me at least. And this remark has gone far toward eliminating lingering impatience with dinner programs, except, of course, for the righteous wrath that every rational man must feel toward toastmasters who never come to the speaker and speakers who never come to the point.

I had said to the cardinal something that scores of sympathetic souls have said to me at dinners: "I suppose that the necessity of constant dinner appearances wearies you and that there are a dozen things you could better be doing this evening."

Cardinal Siri's answer carried an undoubtedly unintended rebuke and opened up a refreshing line of thought. "Reflect," said he, "on all the things that Christ accomplished at dinners!"

The suggested reflection has proved rewarding. I pass it along for prayerful thought by all who resent even the thought of banquets, whether because they are not invited at all or because they think that they are invited too often.

Jesus began His public life and His personal apostolate at a wedding feast; He climaxed His redemptive life at a banquet that was the prelude to His atoning death. His Resurrection brought Him back not only to the company of His followers but to their tables for dinner. All the times between, He frequently used gatherings for eating as the occasions of His principal lessons and examples. In fact, St. Luke reports His critics as finding fault with the frequency and the (to them) indiscriminate nature of His "wining and dining":

"To what then shall I liken the men of this generation? And what are they like?

"They are like children sitting in the market place, calling to one another and saying, 'We have piped to you, and you have not danced; we have sung dirges, and you have not wept.'

"For John the Baptist came neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and you say, 'He has a devil.'

"The Son of Man came eating and drinking, and you say, 'Behold a man who is a glutton, and a wine-drinker, a friend of publicans and sinners!'"

The first occasion that finds Christ using human feasting for His divine purposes has long been a scandal to the Puritan and the prohibitionist. Most Catholics, on the other hand, have delighted to find Christ's Mother "prominent among

those present" on the happy occasion which St. John describes in the second chapter of his Gospel:

"And on the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee: and the mother of Jesus was there.

"And Jesus also was invited and his disciples, to the marriage.

"And the wine failing, the mother of Jesus saith to him: 'They have no wine.'

"And Jesus saith to her: 'Woman, what is that to me and to thee? My hour is not yet come.'

"His mother saith to the waiters: 'Whatsoever he shall say to you, do ye.'

"Now there were set there six water pots of stone, according to the manner of the purifying of the Jews, containing two or three measures apiece.

"Jesus saith to them: 'Fill the water pots with water.' And they filled them up to the brim.

"And Jesus saith to them: 'Draw out now, and carry to the chief steward of the feast.' And they carried it.

"And when the chief steward had tasted the water made wine, and knew not whence it was, but the waiters knew who had drawn the water, the chief steward calleth the bridegroom,

"And saith to him: 'Every man at first setteth forth good wine, and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse. But thou hast kept the good wine until now.'"

Jesus seized upon the marriage feast of Cana to teach many lessons. Some of them are obvious; others are more subtle. For one thing, His mere presence attested to the sanctity of marriage and to the soundness of the joyful festivity by which human instinct surrounds the marriage rites. For another, He clearly inculcated the essential goodness and beauty of at least two things that experience finds easily perverted and that ill-considered moral philosophy often holds suspect: human love and the use of wine.

Spiritual writers find other lessons in Christ's action at Cana. Some see in the circumstances of this feasting a clue to the place of Mary in the prayer life of the faithful and in the intercession by which the Church presents to God our needs. All perceive the power and glory of God at work in Christ; this lesson, the evangelist expressly notes, His disciples carried away from Cana.

One saint draws from his meditation on the Lord's presence at the marriage feast a conclusion which serves as a premise for Christian humanism. The divine life within us is a transubstantiation, by God's favor and power, of the natural goodness, truth, and beauty we leave open to the transforming power of Christ.

At all events, after Cana, Christ was invited always and everywhere to feasts. St. Luke tells us: "Levi made him a great feast in his own house; and there was a great company

Our after-dinner speakers, especially
among the clergy, should be encouraged by the
many examples of Our Lord

of publicans, and of others, that were at table with them.

"But the Pharisees and scribes murmured, saying to Christ's disciples: 'Why do you eat and drink with publicans and sinners?'"

"And Jesus answering, said to them: 'They that are whole, need not the physician: but they that are sick.'

"I came not to call the just, but sinners to penance."

Here, again, Christ chose a dinner to exemplify and expound a lesson always needed in His Church, that there is such a thing as "saving the saved" and that He and we have other work to do than this. But the "unsaved" must be reached where they are, and so Christ sought them out at dinners, some of which brought together people with little in common save existence and the need for Jesus Christ.

At one such dinner Jesus took occasion pointedly to teach unforgettable lessons concerning how and by whom salvation is achieved. St. Luke tells the story in his seventh chapter:

"And one of the Pharisees desired him to eat with him. And he went into the house of the Pharisee, and sat down to meat.

"And behold a woman that was in the city, a sinner, when she knew that he sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment:

"And standing behind at his feet, she began to wash his feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment.

"And the Pharisee, who had invited him, seeing it, spoke within himself, saying: 'This man, if he were a prophet, would know surely who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth him, that she is a sinner.'

"And Jesus answering, said to him: 'Simon, I have somewhat to say to thee.' But he said: 'Master, say it.'

"A certain creditor had two debtors, the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty.

"And whereas they had not wherewith to pay, he forgave them both. Which therefore of the two loveth him most?"

"Simon answering, said: 'I suppose that he to whom he forgave most.' And he said to him: 'Thou hast judged rightly.'

"And turning to the woman, he said unto Simon: 'Dost thou see this woman? I entered into thy house, thou gavest me no water for my feet; but she with tears hath washed my feet, and with her hairs hath wiped them.

"Thou gavest me no kiss; but she, since she came in, hath not ceased to kiss my feet.

"My head with oil thou didst not anoint; but she with ointment hath anointed my feet.

"Wherefore I say to thee: Many sins are forgiven her, because she hath loved much. But to whom less is forgiven, he loveth less."

"And he said to her: 'Thy sins are forgiven thee.'

"And they that sat at meat with him began to say within themselves: 'Who is this that forgiveth sins also?'"

"And he said to the woman: 'Thy faith hath made thee safe, go in peace.'"

ST. LUKE'S fourteenth chapter finds Christ at another public dinner. There, appealing in His parables and conversation to the manners and familiar customs observed at dinners, He taught the people many and momentous lessons.

"And it came to pass, when Jesus went, into the house of one of the chiefs of the Pharisees, on the sabbath day, to eat bread, that they watched him.

"And behold, there was a certain man before him that had the dropsy.

"And Jesus answering, spoke to the lawyers and Pharisees, saying: 'Is it lawful to heal on the sabbath day?'"

"But they held their peace. But he taking him, healed him, and sent him away.

"And answering them, he said: 'Which of you shall have an ass or an ox fall into a pit, and will not immediately draw him out, on the sabbath day?'"

"And they could not answer him to these things.

"And he spoke a parable also to them that were invited, marking how they chose the first seats at the table, saying to them:

"When thou art invited to a wedding, sit not down in the first place, lest perhaps one more honorable than thou be invited by him:

"And he that invited thee and him, come and say to thee, Give this man place: and then thou begin with shame to take the lowest place.

"But when thou art invited, go, sit down in the lowest place; that when he who invited thee, cometh, he may say to thee: Friend, go up higher. Then shalt thou have glory before them that sit at table with thee.

"Because everyone that exalteth himself, shall be humbled; and he that humbleth himself, shall be exalted."

"And he said to him also that had invited him: 'When thou makest a dinner, or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, nor thy kinsmen, nor thy neighbors who are rich; lest perhaps they also invite thee again, and a recompense be made to thee.

"But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, and the blind;

"And thou shalt be blessed, because they have not wherewith to make thee recompense: for recompense shall be made thee at the resurrection of the just."

"When one of them that sat at table with him, had heard these things, he said to him: 'Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God.'"

THE SIXTH chapter of St. John's Gospel foreshadows on the level of action and doctrine His Eucharistic Banquet, the table that will be the meeting place between Christ and all His brethren until the end of time. It is this chapter that records Jesus' promise of the Bread of Life, a bread from heaven which would be so much more wondrous in the manner of its coming to us and its power to sustain us than was the bread from heaven that God gave the Jews in the desert.

It was appropriate that Christ should have prepared His disciples for the doctrine of the Blessed Sacrament by a manifestation of His divine power at another type of meal, a meal that was what we would probably call a picnic and that involved a miracle.

The miracle of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes is told by all the evangelists, but I prefer the account of St. John, because he thought to include the gracious detail that it was a young boy present who provided the loaves of bread and the fishes out of which Christ fed the multitude. The Vulgate text describes the boy simply as *puer*; a Protestant version speaks of him as "a lad." I like to think of the consternation that the boy's boldness in offering his meager store of food for so large a crowd must have caused the bystanders. Andrew, in reporting the lad's offer to Christ, said simply, "There is a boy here that hath five barley loaves and two fishes," but he hastened to add, as if to disassociate himself from the folly of the boy, "But what are these among so many?"

If the young fellow's mother was with him when he decided to make his paltry loaves and poor fishes available for the feeding of the five thousand, she undoubtedly shushed him and told him not to act like his father's people! But Jesus did not dismiss him, as did Andrew, nor despise his gift, as the others doubtlessly did. The Gospel suggests the gentle courtesy with which Christ gave thanks and then, supplementing the human generosity of the young boy with

the divine power of the Son of God, distributed the loaves to those who had assembled to hear him "in number about five thousand. . . . In like manner also the fishes, as much as they would."

"But when they were filled, he said to his disciples, 'Gather the fragments that are left over, lest they be wasted.'

"They therefore gathered them up; and they filled twelve baskets with the fragments of the five barley loaves left over by those who had eaten.

"When the people, therefore, had seen the sign which Jesus had worked, they said, 'This is indeed the Prophet who is to come into the world.'

"So when Jesus perceived that they would come to take him by force and make him king, he fled again to the mountain, himself alone."

WHEN THE TIME CAME for the establishment of the Eucharistic banquet by which Christ would Himself become the food of our souls, the institution of the sacrament and instruction in its divine dignity were linked to a human banquet traditional among the Jews. St. Paul would later recall this fraternal gathering at table which, on the night before He died, Jesus made the occasion of the establishment of a heavenly meal in the eating of which we would win supernatural life in a fraternity more profound and more lasting than any that this world knows.

St. John describes the Last Supper; so do St. Matthew and St. Mark. St. Luke's account includes details the very phrasing of which hints at the readiness with which Jesus spoke of dinners and of the places where He and His friends gathered for them:

"And he sent Peter and John, saying: 'Go, and prepare for us the pasch, that we may eat.'

"But they said: 'Where wilt thou that we prepare?'

"And he said to them: 'Behold, as you go into the city, there shall meet you a man carrying a pitcher of water: follow him into the house where he entereth in.

"And you shall say to the goodman of the house: The master saith to thee: Where is the guest chamber, where I may eat the pasch with my disciples?'

"And he will show you a large dining room, furnished; and there prepare.'

"And they going, found as he said to them, and made ready the pasch.

"And when the hour was come, he sat down, and the twelve apostles with him.

"And he said to them: 'With desire I have desired to eat this pasch with you, before I suffer.

"For I say to you, that from this time I will not eat it, till it be fulfilled in the kingdom of God.'

"And having taken the chalice, he gave thanks and said: 'Take, and divide it among you:

"For I say to you, that I will not drink of the fruit of the vine, till the kingdom of God come.'

"And taking bread, he gave thanks, and broke; and gave to them, saying: 'This is my body, which is given for you. Do this for a commemoration of me.'

"In like manner the chalice also, after he had supped, saying: 'This is the chalice, the new testament in my blood, which shall be shed for you.'

The words "when they were at table and eating" pinpoint many of the discourses and deeds of Jesus during all the years of His public life. After His return from the dead, it was by His presence at table at Emmaus that he demonstrated the reality of His physical Resurrection.

It was following a dinner that he conferred on Peter the primacy over the universal Christian flock that He had promised by the lake shore months before. Perhaps the fact

CRUCIFIXION: ANDREW IN SCOTLAND

by James Bonk

I would rest now, Lord.

I have walked far from olive trees
to meet You here. See now how
they are making ready and joining
two young trees to form Your name in Greek.
Not since I fled You on the hill of hammers
have I feared this way of dying
or felt as weak. And Master,
I fear for Your gentle words among
these Scottish rocks; their faces
like their shores are smeared with blue clay
and their cold eyes will stone You.
Lord, they come

that they had just been at table is the explanation of the figure of speech by which this time Christ indicated the regal responsibilities and the pastoral relationship that Peter would have to the lambs and the sheep of His fold. St. John reports these:

"When therefore they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter: 'Simon, son of John, lovest thou me more than these?' He saith to him: 'Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee.' He saith to him: 'Feed my lambs.'

"He saith to him again: 'Simon, son of John, lovest thou me?' He saith to him: 'Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee.' He saith to him: 'Feed my lambs.'

"He saith to him the third time, 'Simon, son of John, lovest thou me?' Peter was grieved, because he had said to him the third time: Lovest thou me? And he said to him: 'Lord, thou knowest all things: thou knowest that I love thee.' He said to him: 'Feed my sheep.'

IMMEDIATELY after this mighty grant of power to Peter, Christ said a curious thing to the new Prince of the Apostles. It has been variously interpreted and no one is quite sure what He meant. He observed that when Peter was young he had girded himself and had gone wherever he wished but that when he would be older, another would gird him and lead him about without reference to his own wish. Some writers think this was a prophetic reference to the manner of Peter's death.

Perhaps so. But perhaps, too, the Lord was describing the way in which all those who are called to lead others are also led by them, being called upon by men to do all manner of things in order that they may accomplish the work which God has called them to do. Among the things that God's agents must do, whether they wish it or not, may well be numbered the making of speeches at public dinners and attending at banquets. This, too, is part of the doing of the work of the Lord and we have the example of the Lord Himself as to how public banquets can be turned to the advantage of the kingdom.

And so, when Christian prelates, priests, and people are tempted to weary of the round of social events to which they are invited and, incidentally, upon which the work of the Church so often depends, perhaps it will help if they remember that "Jesus, also, was invited" and that "while they were at table, he spoke to them" the truths by which we are saved.

YOU
AND
YOUR
FAMILY



Cut Your Car Costs

Recently I figured out what it cost me to drive a 1952 car for 6,000 miles last year. I compared this with what I estimate to be the cost of driving a 1961 model during the coming year. The difference came to more than \$700. This is more than I care to pay to get from here to there. Would it be worth this much in satisfaction for you and your family to drive a new car?

If you are looking for transportation rather than a portable status symbol, you can probably realize greater savings in the automobile department of your budget than in almost any other. You should not be spending more than 10 per cent of your income on your car; with some planning you can cut this to 6 or 7 per cent. What you save can be diverted into your savings account, life insurance premiums, common stock portfolio, educational fund, or cultural enrichment.

Here are a few basic tips on trimming your transportation tab:

1. Limit your automobile choice to the compacts, such as the Falcon, Corvair, Valiant, and Comet; the traditional low price cars, such as the Chevy, Ford, Plymouth, and Rambler; foreign makes, such as the economical Volkswagen. Stick to the four- or six-cylinder, four-door sedan for top mileage and lower repair bills. (Larger families may need to pay extra for the space of a station wagon.) Any United States-manufactured car today should, with proper maintenance, give 100,000 miles; a medium- or high-priced car will deliver no more miles but may involve higher upkeep costs.

2. Let somebody else pay the major depreciation cost. If you buy a two-year-old car, you will pay about 50 per cent of the original price; from then on, depreciation slows down. Your best buy will be a two- or three-year-old car, probably one with fewer than 25,000 one-owner miles. Before you think of buying a new car, remember that average,

first-year depreciation on one of the low-price cars amounts to about 35 per cent, or as much as \$800.

3. Buy your used car from a reputable dealer with a new-car franchise to protect. Shop around at three or four lots for the best deal. If you have any doubts about the mechanical condition of the car you want, hire a mechanic for ten or fifteen dollars to examine it.

4. Shop around for the best financing. Do not feel compelled to finance through the dealer—you may do much better at your bank or credit union. Since you may be paying as much as 14 per cent true interest (7 per cent discount rate) on an older car, you should make as large a down payment as possible.

5. Use regular instead of premium gasoline, unless you drive a new high-compression car or an older, balky one. Most low-priced cars are designed to run on regular gasoline.

6. Disregard manufacturer's recommendation and inflate your tires at a safer thirty to thirty-two pounds. You will double their life and boost mileage by cutting friction. If you need new tires, consider recapping your present cases. A good retread nowadays will give the same service as a new tire at half the cost. Steer clear of third-line tires sold as loss leaders by some mail-order houses and tire companies.

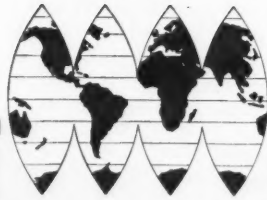
7. Keep your car in top operating condition by engine tuneups every six months, regular oil changes every 1,500 to 4,000 miles, grease jobs every 1,000 miles. A tuneup which includes cleaning spark plugs, adjusting the carburetor, and checking points and condenser will be worth its cost several times.

8. If your car's body is still in good condition, you may want to consider installing a rebuilt motor instead of trading. This can give you many thousands of additional miles at a fraction of the cost of a new car. You can also get good rebuilt transmissions.

In comparing the cost of differential between a new and a used car, be sure to include such hidden items as: finance charges on a more expensive car; loss of revenue on the investment (down payment) which might otherwise bring 4 per cent from an insured savings account; the need for collision, as well as liability, insurance; and state, personal-property taxes, which may reach as high as \$7 per \$100 assessed valuation.

BY WILLIAM WHALEN

CURRENT FACT & COMMENT



The World of the Workers

On May 15, there was held at Rome the First World Meeting of Christian Workers. The mammoth meeting was arranged by three international organizations: the Federation of Christian Workers Movements, the Conversations on Adult Workers' Apostolate, and the Young Christian Workers. Over 100,000 people from all parts of the free world participated. Their object was to pay homage to the social doctrine of the Catholic Church and to form a world-wide organization of Christian workers. The occasion was the seventieth anniversary of Pope Leo XIII's famous encyclical *On the Condition of Labor* and the thirtieth anniversary of the equally famous social encyclical of Pope Pius XI *On the Reconstruction of the Social Order*.

Such enthusiasm was certainly fitting. People quiver with excitement these days when they hear of a fresh breakthrough in the field of physical science, as happened when Soviet Major Yuri Gagarin ringed the earth in his one-man spaceship. It is much less dramatic, but far more important for genuine human progress, when men succeed in making a major breakthrough in the field of social science. Such was the case when Pope Leo XIII penned his famous social encyclical, May 15, 1891, *On the Condition of Labor*.

Space travel is fascinating. But of vastly more importance are the conditions of daily living.

This is the world of daily living, which Boris Pasternak faced after he turned his gaze from Sputnik I streaking through the sky and considered the Communist Party's iron restraints on his freedom. This is the world of which he said, "I am lost like a beast in an enclosure, and there is no way out." This is the world of daily existence which the Chinese peasant faces after he gazes in admiration at the local nuclear reactor, to make his way back to the dreary communal barracks only to find that his government has taken away his wife and children and left him with four bare walls and a pittance of food. This is the world which the Latin American *campesino* faces after he turns his gaze from the magnificent mansion of his wealthy landowner and wearily makes his way to the poverty-stricken shack that houses his beloved wife and children.

It was the world of daily living that deeply concerned Pope Leo XIII in the nineteenth century. He groaned at the sight of man's inhumanity to man in industrial life. Even before he became pope, he spoke out strongly against "the colossal abuses against the poor and the weak. . . ." He was mindful of the luminous teachings of Cardinal Manning in England; Cardinal Gibbons in America; Frederick Ozanam and Count Albert de Mun in France; Giuseppe Tonioli in Italy; Bishop Mermillod in Switzerland; and Bishop Von Kettler and Father Adolph Kolping in Germany. Finally, as Pope, he spoke. On May 15, 1891, he published his immortal document *On the Condition of Labor*. It is rightly acclaimed the magna charta of Labor.

IMPORTANT FIRST. For the first time in the Church's history, a pope celebrates a Greek Rite. Pope John officiated at recent consecration of the Syrian Bishop Acacio Coussa

The President's Question

President Kennedy, in private conversations, reportedly has been asking a big question: Are the American people willing to do what must be done? After his maddening experience with Soviet perfidy in the Congo crisis, the Laotian crisis, the Cuban crisis, and the crises now looming over Berlin and South Viet Nam, apparently the President decided he knew the answer. In the prepared text of his address to the Democrats at Chicago, April 28, he stated: "Our greatest adversary is not the Russians. It is our unwillingness to do what must be done." He referred to Government and people.

Indicating the type of action he thought necessary, in an address to the American Society of Newspaper Editors on April 20, he said: "The message of Cuba, of Laos, of the rising din of Communist voices in Asia and Latin America, these messages are all the same: the complacent, the self-indulgent, the soft societies are about to be swept away with the debris of history. Only the strong . . . only the visionaries who determine the real nature of our struggle can possibly survive."

Commenting on the Cold War, he later declared, April 27, to the American Newspaper Publishers Association: ". . . No war ever posed a greater threat to our security. If you are waiting to find a 'clear and present danger,' then I can only say that the danger has never been so clear and its presence never been so imminent . . . For we are opposed around the world by a monolithic and ruthless conspiracy that relies . . . on infiltration instead of invasion. . . ."

Are the American people unwilling to do what must be done? In industry, we have five and one-half million American workers unemployed and 25 per cent of our production machinery idle. We have urban blights scattered across the nation. We harbor the disgrace of the pitiful condition of more than a million migrant workers; we still practice much discrimination in industry simply because of a man's color. Dozens of new but underdeveloped nations are looking to us for much needed assistance. Pressures of rapidly developing foreign industries are cutting back our foreign trade. And a ruthless conspiracy, among many other advances, is attacking us with a worldwide economic offensive. How many leaders of labor and of management realize the gravity of the situation? How many are willing to get down to the necessary close co-operation for increasing production and holding or even lowering prices, in order to enable America to survive?

Are Americans unwilling to assume military obligations to fight the international conspiracy of communism in Laos—in South Viet Nam? Why should they be eager, if the courts and legislatures here on the home front look with easy tolerance on the Communist Party, which quite freely operates in our midst? Do Government officials realize "the real nature of the struggle?"

In education, are American leaders willing to face up to the fact that the American educational system, on the whole, is annually turning out a group of materialistic-minded youth, basically little different from the youth of Russia? In his book *The Crisis of Western Education*, Christopher Dawson contrasts the soft materialism of Western nations with the hard materialism of Soviet Russia and China. He observes, "There is little reason to suppose that in the present world conflict, democracy will triumph over communism, if the former represents nothing more than a higher standard of material welfare and an advanced technology subordinated to the satisfaction of material needs. . . ."

Perhaps this would explain the current, vapid "cult of happiness" which social scientist Leo Rosten describes in the

May issue of *Redbook* magazine: "Fun is a word we once reserved for children. Adults did not 'have fun'; they had pleasure. Today, in our national passion to *be happy*, we are not only substituting childish pleasures for adult behavior, we are subtly changing the very goals of that behavior. *Relax* has replaced *try*. *Spend* has replaced *save*. *Be happy* has replaced *achieve something*." Mr. Rosten estimates that fifty million adult Americans belong to this frivolous "cult of happiness" crowd.

Mr. Kennedy is known for his ability to ask the right question. Events of the past two months have driven the Chief Executive to ask the crucial question before the nation today: Are the American people willing to do what must be done? We think they are willing—but they will not be ready till some leaders begin to explain correctly "the real nature of our struggle."

Competition and Price-Fixing

What to do about price-fixing scandals? Are the guilty merely trying to avoid murderous competition? Or are they in collusion to gouge the American public? We have no intention of condoning violations of civil or moral law. But we do think mere denunciation is useless. We should try to understand the causes that provoke price-fixing.

Competition, in itself, is something good. With Americans, it has a pleasant meaning, like virtue or motherhood. Yet, competition "with no holds barred" can become most inhuman and immoral. To retain its human quality, competition must be subject to human laws. Hence, as Pope Pius XI stated, "Free competition, while justified and certainly useful, provided it is kept within certain limits, clearly cannot direct economic life." Unbridled competition reduces business to jungle warfare. But where shall we draw the line? Price-fixing? By whom? How much?

The longing for security is also strong in human nature. In recent decades, American workers have won some measure of security through unemployment compensation and old-age benefits. It is understandable that business also would like some protection from the rigors of all-out competition. The desire to "live and let live" may explain, in some measure, the actions of the large corporations.

Our depressed areas today are silent witnesses to the high cost of yesterday's competition and progress. For years, King Coal contested with oil for supremacy. Oil finally won out, and the nation, on the whole, benefited. But the coal regions suffered severely. Should the nation have refused to use oil? The Northeast has lost out considerably through the movement of much of her industry southward. The South has gained greatly. Should textiles have remained in New England?

Certain European countries have tried to stop this kind of economic progress. In some places, it literally takes an Act of Parliament to abolish a job. This extreme protectionism can lead to economic stagnation as the population grows faster than the sluggish economy.

Competition is the American way and, on the whole, has been tremendously successful. Competition must remain stern without becoming greedy and inhuman. But to keep the race on a human plane is a strenuous task. In fact, the rat race has been wearing on business and labor alike. Possibly, this is the price of progress.

Apparently, some corporations have been finding the price of competition too high. We condemn their violations of law. But we think Americans should try to understand the causes that produce the evils condemned.

CATHOLIC RELIEF SERVICES



BLIND SOFT-SPOT. When the Pope asked children to make an extra sacrifice for hungry children overseas, blind children from Lavelle School in the Bronx responded with their own collection

CATHOLIC NEAR EAST



MERCY. Blind, deaf-mute, Arab refugee is cared for in home for aged in Abu-dis, Jerusalem. Pontifical Mission for Palestine is raising funds for the work. Address: 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

RELIGIOUS NEWS



MISSION SUCCESS. Bishop Henry, Columban Fathers mission-ary in Korea, with native priest he ordained, Father Kim, and his parents. Twenty-three years ago the bishop baptized Kim family.

RELIGIOUS NEWS



CO-OPERATION. Metropolitan Antony Bashir (left), head of Syrian Orthodox Church, hosts Cardinal Cushing in promoting Christian unity

RELIGIOUS NEWS



HONORED. Philippine ambassador Romulo (left) is honored by Boston Lawyers Guild

CATHOLIC RELIEF SERVICES



FAMINE. Port of Houston, Texas. 5,000 tons of wheat are blessed before being sent to famine hit Morocco. The bishops' relief organization donated it

On May 1, 1901, my grandfather, Clarence Parnell Kelly, went on his longest, and what proved to be his last grand binge. There is no doubt about the date, because May 1 was the traditional opening of the lobster season in Beannafreaghan and grandfather should have been at the currach slip that morning with the other fishermen baiting and weighting his pots, and on that day in that year, my mother, his only child, gave birth to me, her only child. However, grandfather heard neither the prayer Canon Deeney prayed that God would bless the fishermen's catches nor my first cries at being ushered into the world, because by that time, as was learned later, he had reached Strabane and was selling the horse that had carried him so far to a squint-eyed tinker who saw a chance of an easy bargain.

Exactly thirteen days later, on May 14, grandfather returned. Again there is no doubt about the date: he missed my christening by a few hours and he had overshot his usual spree by three days. Up to this, ten days had been his limit, and as each succeeding day passed, grandmother's righteous resignation turned to concern and then to panic. I have been emphatic about the dates because when he did return—under his own steam, and that too was unusual—he carried under his arms two packets which gave my family a claim, for what it's worth, to being pioneers of a sort. He had brought home, soberly and in shy triumph, the first gramophone ever heard in County Donegal.


I heard the story so often from my mother and I grew so close to the man himself, until he was taken from us seven years later, that I can scarcely convince myself that I do not remember the scene, although the baptismal water must still have been damp on my head that evening. Grandmother was sitting on a stool at the door, knitting socks for Taylor the gombeen-man and rocking my cradle with her foot, and mother was inside in the kitchen making the tea for my father, who was due home on the full tide. From our house you could hear the wash of the sea against the slip, and that is why grandmother did not hear his footsteps coming over the lane. The first thing she knew, he was standing between her and the light, his face wide and expectant like a dog that has done a trick.

Before she had time to utter a word, he said, "It's the miracle of the century! A music box!" Then, with the speed and enthusiasm of an expert salesman, he was down on his knees on the cobbled front and undoing the wrappings of his boxes.

by BRIAN FRIEL



my
FAMOUS
GRANDFATHER



*"IT TAKES CuLTuRE To KNOW
CuLTuRE" SAID GRAndFaThER
WHEN THE CaNON HAD LEft...*

OS
NEATHER

Kiddler

"Where have you been?"

"In Dublin. It's the newest instrument there is, the latest invention. And it plays eight tunes, and if I had four shillings more . . ."

"How much did you spend on that . . . that thing?"

"Fifteen pounds and for nothing at all; brass bands and choirs and melodeons and the finest singers in the whole of Europe, all here at your doorstep."

One packet contained a large mahogany box and the other a horn-shaped instrument. The two women watched in astonishment. Delicately, expertly, he placed on the first record. The machine hissed for a second and went dead.

"The winder! I forgot the winder!"

He inserted the handle in the side and wound up the spring. "Now," he exhaled.

The hissing began again, and then from the mouth of the horn came the high, strained voice of a man being strangled to death. The song he sang was "The Holy City," and in the quiet, spring evening, his valiant cries were carried high above the thatched cottage, high above the sound of the waves slapping against the slip, and out across the swollen sea to my father who was pulling for home.

"Jesus and Mary protect us!" screamed grandmother, blessing herself, and she fled in terror to her bed where she lay trembling for two days. I began to cry. But across me and the throttled tenor, grandfather smiled serenely at my mother and whispered, "It's a present for the grandchild. A present of a miracle."

It would probably have been a poor lobster season anyhow, even if it had been properly tried. Scarcely a day passed but sudden gales drove in between the twin headlands of Gola and Cruit and turned the bay into a seething pool of sand and seaweed. I suppose a brave curragh could have put out in the half-hour calms, laid its pots, and scurried home again.

But the dozen odd fishermen who gathered at the pier each day and weighed up the prospects with unusual concern for their safety generally came to the decision that if the seas were not too heavy now, they soon would be; and since it would be advisable to hang around in the off-chance that a long calm might fall, what was more natural for them than go up the few paces to Clarry Kelly's house and wait there? So that is what they did. And once there, what was more natural than that Clarry should produce the machine from the room and render a few tunes? Perhaps there were short calms, maybe long calms. Nobody noticed. The magic

box held them spellbound for hours at a stretch. In the end, the fish agents struck Beannafreaghan off their calling list altogether, because the fishermen, as grandmother said, "had given themselves over completely to the devil."

The advent of the magic box revolutionized the pattern of entertainment in our parish. Up to this time, leisure hours were spent *ceilidhing*: you dropped in casually on your neighbour and spent the night chatting or playing cards or telling stories or maybe singing a song or two; or the young people got their hands on a fiddler and held an informal dance on the smooth concrete beside the gable of O'Donnell's house. But now, grandfather's machine became the rage. Within a week, it was obvious that our kitchen could not hold all the people who turned up every night. So the recital was moved to the old shed on the pier road which was used for storing herring boxes.

People came nightly from Bunbeg, from Loughanure, from Fintown, from Dunlewey, even from Tory and Aranmore Islands. They came on sidecars, on bicycles, on horseback, in boats, on foot. And they had about them an atmosphere of excitement and heightened anticipation, because they were more than just concert goers; they were pioneers, innovators, the first witnesses of a new era, and they were conscious of their privilege. Few of them had ever sat in a concert hall before and

the experience of finding themselves congregated together in orderly rows (fish boxes) and facing an improvised stage (a wooden dray) caused them to react as if they were in the church for Sunday Mass, the only comparable situation in their experience. So they listened devoutly and with attention.

It was not until the Farrell brothers turned up drunk one night that they discovered that it would not be sacrilegious to clap, and from then on, the applause was tumultuous. Indeed it was not confined to the end. Very often a recording had to be stopped half-way through until some well-held note or some popular line was enthusiastically acclaimed.

Grandfather's fame became country-wide within a month. But in his short time as amateur, he had perfected his art as host and entertainer. Gone were the days when he shuffled on to the stage in his thigh-boots and with his cap well down over his eyes, mumbling a few shy words of introduction about "the lad here," as he deprecatingly called his instrument. He was now the consummate performer. He shaved before a recital and dressed in his Sunday clothes. He never carried the box on to the stage; he walked on two minutes after it had been deposited there by an attendant. Then he would appear himself and after a very low bow, he would announce, "Count yourselves fortunate to be present, people." (This almost



"Harold is not very handy around the house"

biblical preamble puzzled me, until my mother explained to me that grandfather's first tongue was Gaelic and that his English was never very comfortable.) After this solemn opening, grandfather would then explain as much of the workings of the machine as he thought fit to divulge and then go on to introduce his first record.

HE never played a disc without prefacing the performance with an entirely fictitious history of the composer and the music. His only sources were the small labels on the records, but he cunningly utilized every number and letter in his synopsis. He would proclaim, for example: "I now perform a tune which is named 'The Blue Danube.'" (He called it Danubey.) "This song was written by a poor, humble fisherman called Strauss, a man like ourselves, who earned bread for his family by fishing mackerel in the Danubey Sea. But at night, while his wife knit socks, he wrote songs. This song is a waltz, a little faster than a hornpipe and a little slower than a jig. Mr. Strauss lived in a big city in Europe and the number of his house was K 31927. His band is called the London Orchestra. Mr. Strauss is now dead. Remember him in your prayers."

This would be greeted with subdued applause because grandfather always managed to elevate the recital above the level of mere entertainment; this was something more serious than a haphazard *ceilidhe*.

In all fairness to the man, I must say that he ought to be pardoned his patent affectations and mannerisms, because he sought no recompense for his work: admission to the herring shed was absolutely free and everyone was welcome. I think myself that he saw himself as a sort of apostle. Certainly he left all, fishing boat and lobster pots and his scrap of a farm, to follow his vocation.

So it was only right that he should suffer no material loss. We were never without fish and flour, and when the turf stack got low, some one always came along with a new cart load. This new method of living, "charity" she called it, imposed a great strain on grandmother's virtue. She longed for the old days again when he went on binges and when her vanity had to weather only short, well-spaced storms. Now, she maintained, we were no better than the trick-of-the-loop people, depending for the bite we ate on "all the lilies of the countryside who had no hearth fire to sit at when the dark came."

Soon the day came when the herring shed was too small and when popular

demand compelled grandfather to go on tour. Requests had long been coming in from places as far away as Carrick and Bunaweel—a good, two days' journey even with a change of horses—for the Magic Box Man, as he was now called, to give a concert. Grandfather weighed up these invitations with due solemnity. He was still strictly amateur, so he was at no time influenced by material reward. But he regarded his work with the high seriousness of a poet. If the people of Bunaweel earnestly desired to hear the best artists in all Europe, grandfather could not find it in his soul to deny them; they had as much right as the people of Beannafreaghan.

So he enlisted the aid of Gutsy McCann, the jarvey, to transport him and of Jimmy The Hen to be his advance agent, and on the first Monday in October, 1901—by good luck, another uncertain day with the result that all the fishermen were there for the sendoff—the cortege set off from the pier on the first great tour that was to take them from one end of Donegal to the other.

I have before me now press cuttings from newspapers of that time. These notices were written by what were called "penny-a-line men," local correspondents to the national dailies, who were paid a penny a line for their covering of local events. Taken all in all, they could scarcely be called rave notices, but it must be remembered that these correspondents seldom wrote about anything more exciting than the price of heifers at the last fair or the birth of triplet lambs to a sheep. Besides, the gramophone was so startlingly new that thoughtful newsmen were determined to show how thoughtful they were by being restrained and uncommitted.

A typical review is the *Echo's*: "A capacity audience of 124 persons listened with attention to Mr. Clarence Parnell Kelly's concert in the Hibernian Hall. Mr. Kelly demonstrated the limited capabilities of the gramophone, a machine which, Mr. Kelly claims, can preserve a singing voice or an orchestral piece for all time. So incoherent were some of the recordings that at times it was difficult to distinguish between the singing voice and the full scale orchestra. But as Mr. Kelly explained, heavy drapes on the walls and thick carpeting on the floor would have absorbed much of the static electricity in the air. The enjoyment of the evening was greatly enhanced by the highly instructive and deeply scholarly preface which the Music Box Man gave before each item. Sir Hugh Fairley of the *Globe* was among those present."

There cannot have been so much static electricity in Fanad Hall, because the local critic there wrote: "Seldom have the Fanad people had such a feast of good music as on last Friday night when Beannafreaghan's maestro, Clarry Kelly, performed on his magic box. There were to have been eight items on the programme, but so popular was 'The Poor Blind Boy' that Mr. Kelly had to perform it nine times in all. Consequently, the paraffin in the lamps had been used up before the last four items could be played so the concert came to a premature end. Proposing a vote of thanks by candlelight, Mr. J. J. Healey thanked Mr. Kelly for coming so far for nothing at all and for his entertaining and instructive night. The concert ended with the audience and the magic box singing together 'The Poor Blind Boy.'"

The Ballycarrow reporter appeared to have been confused between the prefaces and the performances: "Mr. Kelly's voice was at its best in 'The Holy City' by Clarence Parnell, who was tragically widowed at the age of thirty-three and lived in 15B, Paris."

And the Meenadore correspondent noted briefly: "A dance was held on Sunday night, music provided by Clarry Kelly's amazing gramograph. The proceeds went to charity."

THE only two people who begrudged grandfather his success were grandmother and Canon Deeney, and both had their reasons. Life had never been more comfortable for grandmother, but since the moderate luxuries she now enjoyed were not bought out of her sock money or grandfather's fishing, she could not enjoy them. She still believed in the virtue of a hard and frugal life.

The canon had greater reason for anxiety. He saw his compact little parish becoming the focal point of the county, and while up to this his parishioners had been content with simple pleasures which they indulged in almost under his very eyes, they now began to travel to neighboring parishes for their amusement. He was convinced that grandfather had started the rot and had set his flock on the steep path to complete hedonism. His Sunday night dances were no longer attended, because the young people preferred to dance ten or fifteen miles from home, and even Gutsy McCann, who had been his private chauffeur for almost twenty-five years, had deserted him for this gad-about Kelly. He prayed for patience and guidance, and his prayers were finally answered—in a way.

The day the canon asked grandfather to give a concert in Beannafreaghan

LANDSCAPE

by Austin Fowler

Fat are the hands that nurse on sunlight.
Checked leaves flick in the green shade
Under the yellow poplars. The dairymaid
Poses on the grass in the sunlight,
Spreading her fresh hair out in the heat,
Vanning her salt skirts out to the light
Of a summer's day like a linen sheet
Spread to dry. The birds alight,
Driftingly, in a string of blue petals,
Where she spills crumbs for them.
Her name is June, and her sweetheart
Drives cows to the railroad shuttle
While she waits here to meet with him.
Soon he will come, driving a horse-cart,
Heavy with cow odor, and he will
Kiss her and tie a ribbon to her hair's spill.

Parochial Hall was the greatest day of grandfather's public life. Every artist wants to be acclaimed in his home place, and grandfather was no exception. The canon's silence had worried him. He had called in the house every Friday morning as usual on his way to the pier for fish for his dinner, but he had never mentioned the gramophone. And on the one occasion when grandfather brought up the subject, the canon began talking about the price of seed potatoes.

Now there was no longer any doubt about the canon's attitude to the new machine: he was fully in favor of it. Grandfather's work was receiving the blessing of the Church, because he was to give a recital in the parish hall; Canon Deeney himself would sit on the platform beside the magic box, and the proceeds would be used to patch up the roof of the hall, which had been slightly damaged in the December gale.

"It takes culture to know culture," said grandfather when the canon had left.

"Aye," sniffed grandmother. "He knows that if you can't beat your enemy, you come to terms with him."

"It will be a big night," said grandfather, smiling at the ceiling. "I'll get Jimmy The Hen to bill it all over the county, and we'll draw them from Malin Head down to Glencolmcille. We will put a good roof on the hall all right. We'll put two roofs on it!"

It was a big night, indeed, a bigger night than even the canon or grandfather could have envisaged. Not only did an admission charge not deter the people; it seemed to make the attraction even stronger. Within four days, the small hall was booked out, but

people still came looking for tickets. The hall committee held a meeting extraordinary and decided to put wooden forms along the sides and down the centre aisle. This extra seating was snaffled up in twenty-four hours, and requests still came pouring in.

By now, grandfather's pride and self-importance and a sudden and uncharacteristic greed which had taken hold of the canon had destroyed both men's sense of balance. Against the advice of the committee, they themselves tore down the tiny pay-desk at the door of the hall and persuaded local families to lend kitchen chairs, which they packed into the new floor space. Still not satisfied, they arranged salmon boxes around the stage, called the seats a balcony, and sold them at double the floor prices. Then they had printed a glossy, souvenir program which depicted on the cover grandfather's moustached face smiling benignly through the horn of his gramophone; they organized a raffle for a half tea-set; they arranged for lemonade to be sold during the interval; and they did nothing to kill the rumor which was prevalent that the Poor Blind Boy was to appear in person on the big night.

To this day it is not known how many people squeezed into the hall that night. Some say there were three hundred, some say there were six hundred. But the truth is that not even the hall committee ever knew. The receipts amounted to £39 7s. 6d., but that is no lead, because mothers who had lent chairs were given free tickets for their families and, in the last five minutes before the scheduled opening, stewarding arrangements at the door collapsed completely,

with the result that seven currach-loads from Innisman got in without paying anything and, in that last minute melee, all the urchins who had been hanging around the porchway nipped smartly inside.

From where they stood at the edge of the platform, the canon and grandfather could see row after row of happy, upturned faces. When they turned round to the salmon-box balcony behind them, row after row of happy faces beamed down at them. The canon was flushed with delight.

"Clarence," he said, "this night will go down in the annals of the church."

At the stroke of eight, the canon held out his hands for silence and began his introductory speech. He was not a man of few words at any time, but that night he lost control of himself altogether. He welcomed the audience, reminded them of their Christian heritage, explained to them the need for raising money to repair the roof, told them of his future building plans, asked them to be patient while he explained his scheme for renovating the graveyard, and only when he had to raise his voice to be heard above the hum of conversation around him, did he introduce the star of the night, Clarence Kelly. Grandfather bowed in acknowledgement and the audience clapped in relief.

But the canon was only warming up. He then delivered a eulogy on the Kellys, on all the fishermen of Beannafreaghan, on all the good people of Beannafreaghan parish. Indeed, he had noble and generous things to say about all the people of Donegal—for that matter, about all the people of Ireland. And that brought him back to their Christian heritage and somehow to an explanation for their being gathered together that night, united as they were in brotherly love and in true Christian charity.

BY this time, the patrons were scarcely polite. They shuffled in their seats and waved to one another across the floor. Those behind the canon mimed messages to friends in the body of the hall. The mood of anticipation was quickly leaking away.

"Start the music! Start the music!"

The drunken voice of one of the Farrell brothers interrupted the canon just as he was saying "I am proud of you all tonight." He held out his hands for silence.

"Certainly. Certainly. I have held things up long enough," he said. "Well now, ladies and gentlemen, I have pleasure in introducing again Beannafreaghan's Magic Box Man, our own

(Continued on page 71)



As the pathetic waif who follows a traveling carnival, Anna Maria Alberghetti emerges into well-earned stardom in the engaging musical "Carnival"

STAGE AND SCREEN

BY JERRY COTTER

★ Censorship

Amid the well-planned hue and cry at the recent Supreme Court decision upholding the idea that theaters do not have "absolute freedom to exhibit, at least once, any and every kind of motion picture," was the thin, small voice of Eric Johnston, Hollywood's hired czar.

Mr. Johnston, whose actual title is President of the Motion Picture Association of America, has long been a foe of censorship. In a sense, so are we all, but we part company when Johnston speaks out against the right to censor, just as we look in vain for any word from Johnston on the moral responsibility of his industry to maintain a clean house.

In his effort to oppose the *principle* of censorship, he has enlisted the aid of the Book Publishers Association, the National Association of Broadcasters, and the Authors League, to fight any and all public supervision of these fields. These groups are treading on dangerous grounds when they advocate the right to distribute any and all material until it is proved pornographic or obscene.

The abuses of censorship are to be feared, almost as much as the appalling lack of moral responsibility exhibited by so many movie-makers. The answer to the problem is not an end to the right of censorship. The public welfare demands that. No one, movie exhibitor, publisher, or broadcaster, has an absolute right to display whatever he might desire. The solution lies right in Mr. Johnston's sun-drenched backyard!

★ The New Plays

CARNIVAL is a lustrous musical play, based on an even more appealing motion picture, which in turn was adapted from a wistful Paul Gallico story. Aside from the elements in it which contribute to a magical evening, the production marks the emergence of Anna Maria Alberghetti into full-fledged, well-earned stardom. As the pathetic French waif who attaches herself to a traveling carnival, she brings the necessary emotional qualities to a key role, embellishing it with a warm, rich, and clear soprano which makes the Bob Merrill score seem more inspired than it actually is. Those who recall the movie in which Leslie Caron and Mel Ferrer appeared will miss the beguiling song *Hi Lili*, which was a highlight of the performance. Merrill's melodies are serviceable and light, though never outstanding. The carnival setting allows for dazzling theatrical displays, and director Gower Champion has staged it with imagination and flair.

Once a year, the New York City Center revives some hit musical comedies and operettas of the past for a spring festival and perhaps as a reminder that things weren't always so drab in the theater. This year the roster includes *Show Boat*, *South Pacific*, and *Porgy and Bess*, memorable musicals from which so many great songs have come. Under the direction of Jean Dalrymple, the City Center revivals have surmounted tremendous production difficulties on a restricted budget to bring to New Yorkers and visitors alike reasonably priced, quality performances. It is a policy other producers might well emulate.

Sigmund Freud's early effort to prove his theory that there could be an emotional basis in some physical illnesses is thoughtfully and tautly dramatized by Henry Denker in **A FAR COUNTRY**. It was a tortuous battle he waged in nineteenth-century Vienna, and in this drama it is personal-



In the Italian-made "Teacher and the Miracle," a boy helps to restore his teacher's lost faith



Peter Ustinov plays Cupid for the children of American and Russian envoys in "Romanoff and Juliet"

ized in the case of a wealthy young lady who has lost the use of her legs. Specialists have found no organic basis for her problem, and when Freud takes the case he runs into difficulty on all sides. The resolution, coming at the end of a tightly-written, suspenseful play, is in the nature of an anticlimax, but this is a fascinating performance none the less. Kim Stanley has some striking scenes as the patient, but Steven Hill's interpretation of Dr. Freud is curiously lacking in depth. Without making any really profound contribution to modern psychiatry, this is an interesting, complex, and absorbing focus on its recent origins.

Like the little girl in the nursery rhyme, when **THE HAPPIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD** is good, it is very, very good, but when it is bad, it is a ghastly bore. A musical version of *Lysistrata*, with due credit to Aristophanes and Bullfinch, this has moments of sprightly charm and hilarity, surrounded, or rather swamped, by excessive vulgarity, crude humor, and unforgivable boredom. Inasmuch as Cyril Ritchard is present, as conferencier, together with seven other free-wheeling characters, the performance has its sprightly moments, and with the score based on Offenbach melodies, this is happily tuneful. There the assets terminate. E. Y. Harburg's book is dull, when it is not being downright offensive, and his topical references belong to the amateur showshops.

★ Quotable

Broadway producer Max Gordon told a columnist that he intends to produce a very daring play—"no four-letter words, no obscene situations, no prostitution, no cannibalism—just call it experimental theater."—Mike Connolly, *The Hollywood Reporter*.

"The difficulty (re tawdry films) is that Hollywood during the past ten years has been on the edge of financial panic. The makers of movies tend to resort to dirt when they're afraid they can't make a living otherwise."—Sloan Wilson, author of *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*.

"That drone you hear overhead is the return flight of all the Commies ruled out at the time of 'The Waldorf Agreement' back in the mid-forties—all now pushing for top production jobs. Hollywood had better put up its guard."—Mike Connolly, *The Hollywood Reporter*.

"The general feeling is that Broadway is on fire . . . it is a state of emergency . . . ways must be found to overcome economic disaster."—Roger Whitehead, President of the League of New York Theatres.

★ Movie Reviews in Brief

Peter Ustinov is a man of many talents, as he proves in **ROMANOFF AND JULIET**, based on his highly amusing Broadway play. As producer-director-star-adaptor of the movie version, Ustinov strives mightily to keep his satire on international diplomacy afloat, but the best that can be said is that he makes a valiant effort at the oars. He appears as the General, leader of Concordia, a nation so small that it cannot be found on the map. When he abstains in a critical U.N. vote, the United States and the Soviet Union pressure him to accept financial aid so that his vote may be channeled. He sabotages both sides by encouraging the marriage of the United States Ambassador's daughter to the Soviet Ambassador's son. The barbs are occasionally pointed, often dated and obtuse, so that the main burden rests on Ustinov, the actor. He comes through magnificently. In the light of fast-moving and tragic world events, this anti-both-your-houses theme is less amusing than it was when Ustinov brought it to Broadway five years ago. (Universal-International)

Italian-made, **THE TEACHER AND THE MIRACLE** is also the product of one man's versatility. Aldo Fabrizi is star, producer, director, and co-author of a sentimental fable, which has earned a number of awards at foreign festivals. Fortunately, though the theme is drenched with sentiment, Fabrizi has handled it with restraint and sensitivity. The result is a moving and inspiring film reminiscent of

Marcelino. Its principal figure is a middle-aged school-teacher, devoted to his motherless son, who is a student in his village class. When the boy is killed in an accident, his father plunges into despair. He is about to resign his post, when a young boy, a new pupil, comes to the school. Gradually, through his relationship with the boy, the teacher is able to regain both perspective and faith. The climax is beautiful and electrifying. We recommend this to the family audience. (President)

TWO-WAY STRETCH is another in the recent parade of British hilarities in which farce and whimsy are skillfully blended. Starring the inimitable Peter Sellers, who plans a gigantic robbery while finishing a comfortable stretch in jail. The tongue-in-cheek approach to villainy has become something of a British monopoly in the past few years, and this exhibit is one of their best. There is a rich vein of droll characterization in this improbable, but wildly amusing comedy. (British-Lion)

San Francisco, Fred Astaire, Lilli Palmer, Debbie Reynolds, and Tab Hunter are starred in **THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY**, a colorful, screen version of the sophisticated, footlight comedy. The situations are geared for laughs in this story of a globe-trotting playboy who returns home for the wedding of a daughter he hasn't seen in two decades. Bright quips fleck the dialogue, the characters are scintillating, and the production itself is lavish. All this is dwarfed, however, by the fascinating panorama of San Francisco in stunning Technicolor hues. The pleasure of *her* comedy is the prime asset of this amusing adult film. (Paramount)

THE BIG SHOW has a familiar story line, but there are exciting circus scenes and a sturdy performance by Cliff Robertson to recommend it. Filmed in Munich, it is a melodramatic tale of intrigue and suspense behind the scenes of a family circus dominated by its owner, an ex-trapeze artist. Four sons and a daughter, who have carried on his act, are unable to break away from him. The arena thrills overshadow the offside maneuverings in this occasionally cumbersome drama. Esther Williams, Robert Vaughan, Nehemiah Persoff, and David Nelson are prominently featured. (20th Century-Fox)

Ireland and Africa provide the backgrounds in **THE BIG GAMBLE**, settings of considerable contrast for a story which leans heavily on suspense and awesome scenic displays for effect. The early scenes in Dublin establish a base for the adventure, as Stephen Boyd returns home with a Corsican bride (Juliette Greco). He is seeking funds from the family to start a trucking business in Africa. After some dour reactions and hesitation, the money is forthcoming with the proviso that a bank-clerk cousin be included as a partner and watchdog. The three set out on a safari that has more misadventure and thrills than a complete set of Frank Merriwell. Boyd, Miss Greco, and David Wayne are convincing, but Gregory Ratoff is most impressive as a wily rascal of the veldt, and Dame Sybil Thorndike is grand as a Dublin matriarch. (20th Century-Fox)

A spectacular, forest-fire climax caps a rousing suspense yarn in **RING OF FIRE**, produced by the husband and wife team who scored in *The Last Voyage*, a realistic depiction of a disaster at sea. This time, Andrew and Virginia Stone have taken a story which might have remained flaccid and, through the use of tested thrill techniques, have created an exciting movie. Set in the pine forests of Oregon, the plot builds on a situation in which a deputy sheriff is held prisoner by a

trio of teen-age bandits. A hairbreadth escape through a roaring inferno is magnificently photographed and staged. It is the highspot of this familiar melodrama which features David Janssen, Joyce Taylor, Frank Gorshin, and James Johnson in the cast. (M-G-M)

Danny Kaye returns to the screen in **ON THE DOUBLE**, impersonating a GI who has been assigned to the task of impersonating an English general. The latter has been marked for assassination by the Nazis, so the hijinks which ensue are obvious and geared to the tastes of the Kaye followers. It is wild and whimsical and wins added laughs through the presence of Britain's Margaret Rutherford, a seasoned farceur making her American debut. Together, they pump life into an ancient plot device, and the result is a good family comedy. (Paramount)

RETURN TO PEYTON PLACE is another Metalious-eye-view of Main Street, New England. Jaundiced and banal, the picture is performed in lacklustre fashion, except for an intense portrayal of an embittered woman by Mary Astor. The rest is a tepid mixture of soap opera, dime novel, and Sunday supplement story telling without even the saving grace of a moral lesson. Its value is minuscule. (20th Century-Fox)

Savagery on slum streets is treated in rather shallow fashion in **THE YOUNG SAVAGES**, based on an Evan Hunter novel. It uses the expected sociological clichés in detailing the facts behind a brutal juvenile killing in the crowded tenement area of East Harlem, where Puerto Rican and Italian boys are pitted against each other in fierce pavement warfare. Burt Lancaster is seen as an assistant district attorney assigned to prosecute three Italian youths who have murdered a Puerto Rican boy. In the course of investigation, the case takes on a different aspect. Though there are engrossing passages, the tired, old "society-is-to-blame" diagnosis replaces logic in the resolution. Shelley Winters, Dina Merrill, and a large cast of young unknowns give convincing accounts in this crime drama which evades the basic issues of a particularly heinous crime. It is neither objective nor logical. (United Artists)

★ Playguide

FOR THE FAMILY:

Camelot; Connelly vs. Connelly; Do Re Mi; Leave It to Jane; Little Mary Sunshine; The Miracle Worker; The Music Man; The Sound of Music; The Unsinkable Molly Brown; Wildcat

FOR ADULTS:

Advise and Consent; All the Way Home; Becket; The Best Man; Bye Bye Birdie; Carnival; Come Blow Your Horn; Critic's Choice; The Devil's Advocate; A Far Country; Fiorello; Mary, Mary; My Fair Lady; Rhinoceros; The Tenth Man

OBJECTIONABLE:

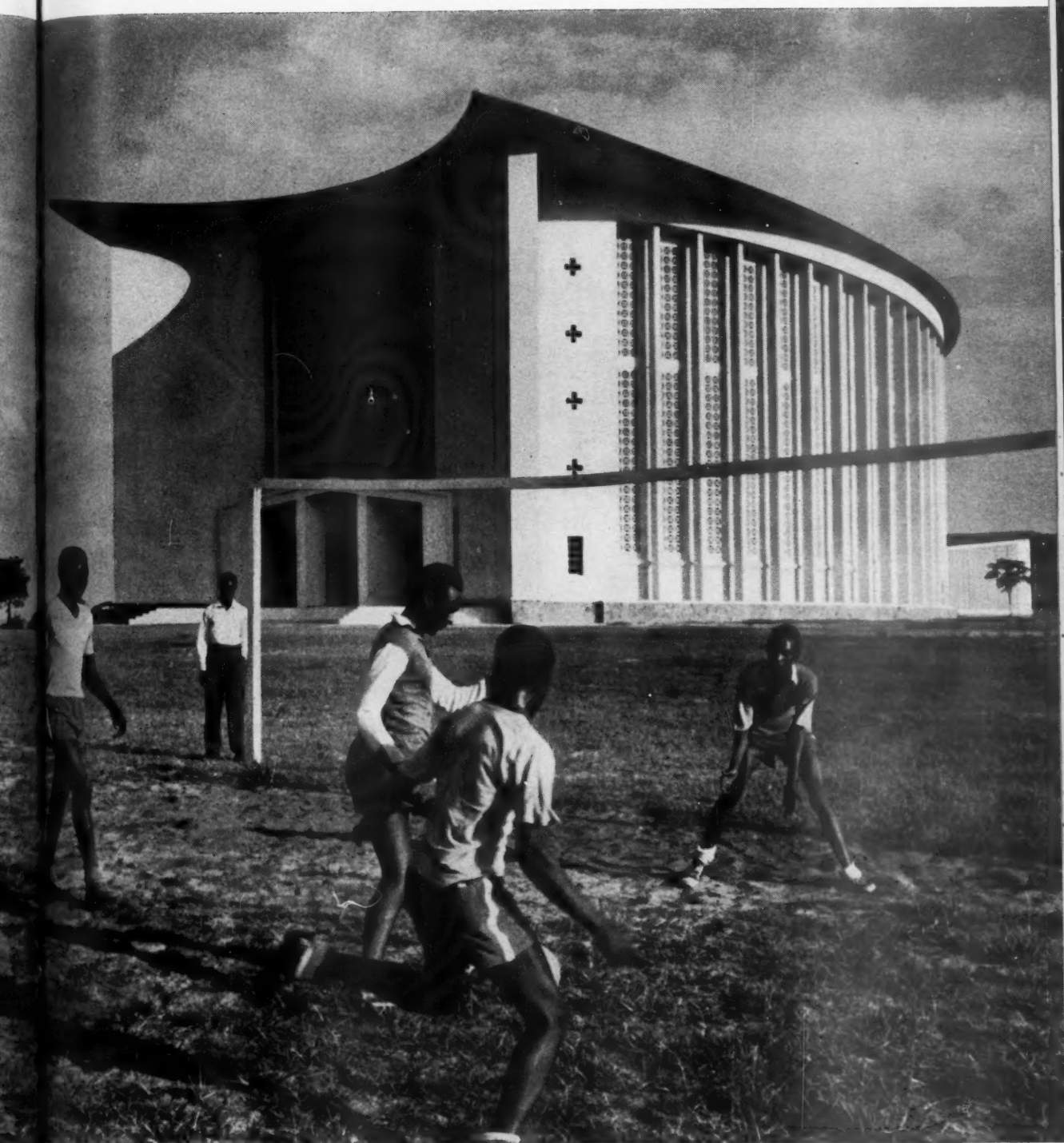
Big Fish, Little Fish; Gypsy; Happiest Girl in the World; Irma La Douce; Show Girl; A Taste of Honey; Threepenny Opera (On Tour); Period of Adjustment

COLLEGE IN THE CONGO

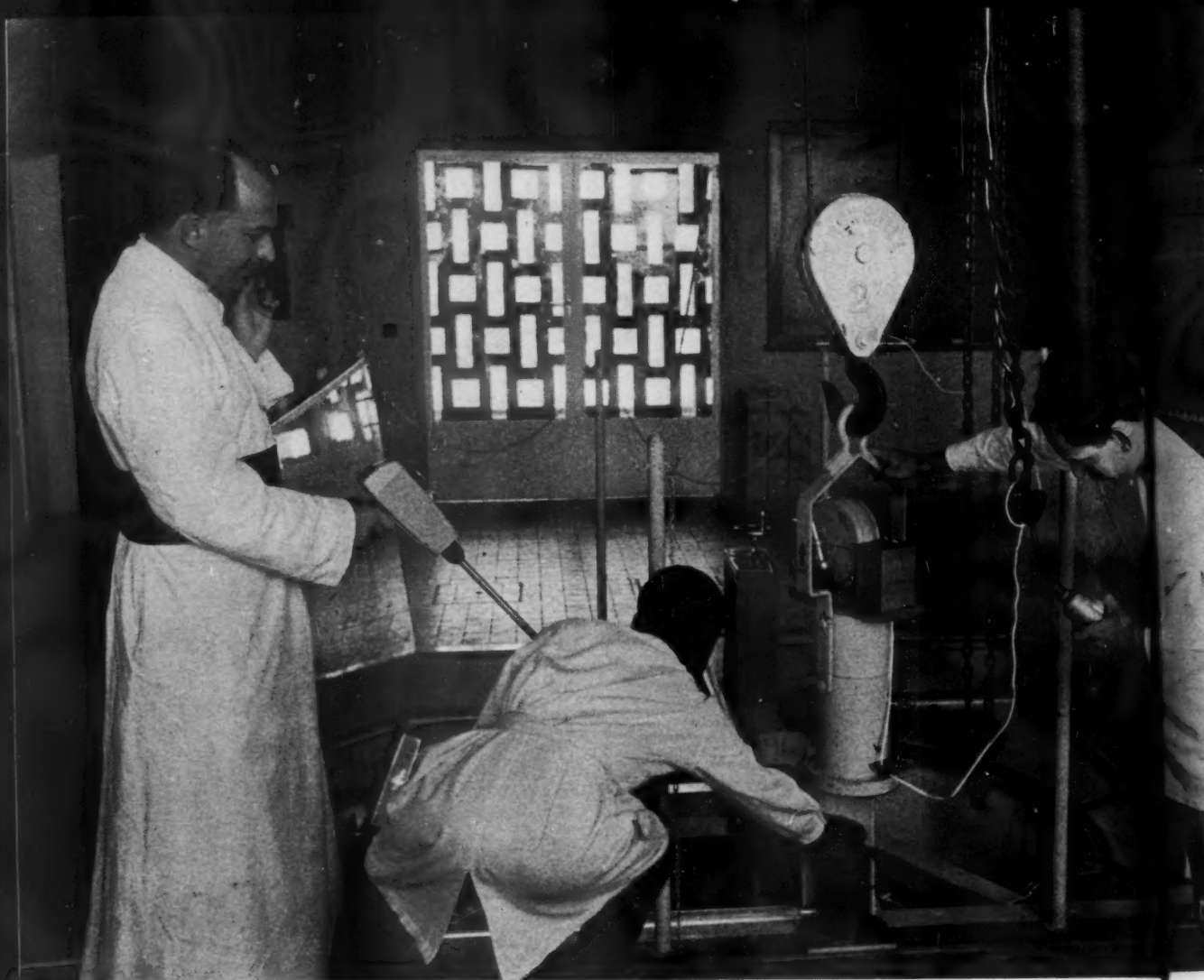
Of all the university convocations this summer, none will match in significance the celebrations at a three-mile-long campus outside Leopoldville in Africa's strife-torn Congo. For Lovanium University will send out the first Congolese doctor, lawyer, and engineer. Seven years ago, when Lovanium was founded by the administrators of Belgium's Louvain University, there was a good deal of criticism over spending money in the pursuit of academic excellence in an undeveloped country. Actually, the mistake was in not establishing a university years earlier. If there had only been two hundred graduates in the Congo on Independence Day (June 30) last year, says Monsignor Luc Gillon, Lovanium's rector, the governmental chaos and tragic events could have been averted. In fact, when independence came, the Congo had only seventeen university graduates—in a population of fourteen million. Educated people were needed so badly that Lovanium undergraduates were mobilized to maintain government services while the politicians and the army feuded. The student body has grown from an initial thirty-three to five hundred. It could triple this enrollment but for the terrible lack of secondary schools.



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE SIGN BY JOHN AND BINI MOSS



A modern church stands on the edge of a playing field at Lovanium, one of two Catholic universities in Africa (the other is Pius XII in Basutoland). Faculty is mainly Belgian, but the university is no longer run by Belgium's Louvain



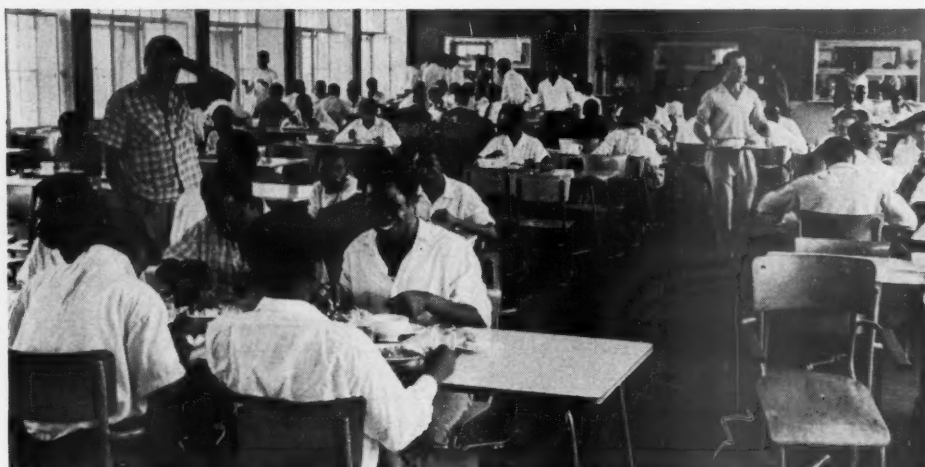
Monsignor Luc Gillon (left) the spirited rector of Lovanium, measures isotopes at the only nuclear reactor in Africa



A law student and his bride, a student nurse, read in residence built for married students



Students welcome Nigerian leader (right) who has come to discuss Nigeria's independence



Lovanium's American-style cafeteria: common denominator for the races and religions

■ When these photos were taken a few months ago, Leopoldville was a city in despair. But Lovanium University hummed with activity and an optimistic view of the Congo's future. Land was being cleared for a thousand-acre experimental farm. A polytechnic department (for engineering students) and a nursing school building were being completed. The university already has Africa's only nuclear reactor, a teaching hospital, a church, a swimming pool, and numerous faculty buildings. Many students specialize in African languages and cultural anthropology. One project is examining the possibility of generating power from the Congo River by creating a dam ten times the size of the United States' Boulder Dam. Monsignor Gillon insists: "It is vitally important

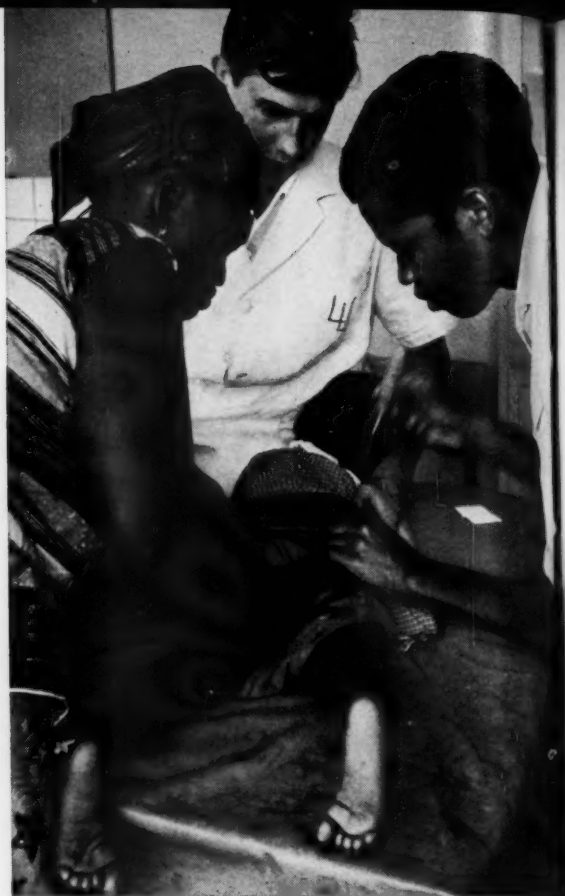
that we have a center of thinking and research so that the Congolese can solve their own problems and also participate in world affairs." Ford and Rockefeller foundations give financial help.

There is little carefree college life at Lovanium. United Nations troops from Tunisia, guarding the campus, are a daily reminder of the Congo chaos. During the tumultuous days following independence, the students helped European professors and their families escape (many later returned) and guarded the campus against rioting soldiers. Monsignor Gillon, who had supervised the evacuation, stood firm against demands for the surrender of pro-Lumumbist students. Then the students settled down to exams. The rector sent them a note of praise: "We have been profoundly touched."



FARM EXPERT

When government machinery broke down during the riots, one of Lovanium's students who tried to hold the Congo together was Ngondo Bernard, who became the acting head of agriculture in the country. Bernard later returned to classes and will graduate this year in agricultural sciences, then come to the United States for graduate studies. In these photos, Bernard is reclaiming land for Lovanium's experimental farm and examining animal bones.





FIRST DOCTOR

A twenty-six-year-old Baluba tribesman, Felicien Ilunga will graduate this year as the first Congolese doctor. He too will come to the United States for graduate study. Ilunga has spent seven years at Lovanium. In the photo, upper left, he and a Belgian medical student treat a child at a dispensary in Leopoldville and, above, as he prepares to assist at an operation, he symbolizes the hope of Lovanium—that newly acquired knowledge will benefit the Congo.



Students see pen and characters clearly during shorthand lesson on TV

Classroom TV: HERE BUT HOW GOOD?

Educational television has been the object of periodic scrutiny by authorities on education and TV in the United States, and their judgments often have been unfavorable. It has been asserted that progress made in the establishment of educational television (ETV) facilities has been sluggish and insignificant.

Concern has been expressed about the quality of ETV programs. It has been said that there has been too much emphasis on the personality and charm of the teacher. One observer speculated recently that the TV pedagogue might be replaced eventually by an actor who, like the "weather girl" of commercial TV, would be merely an attractive medium for relaying information compiled by experts.

Those who have found fault with ETV also have complained about an overemphasis of the "entertainment" factor and a neglect of solid, common-sense teaching values. The TV instructor, it has been said, has no reason to develop the traditional teacher values of patience, kindness, and charity. He must, according to ETV's opponents, strive only to be an appealing performer who does not have to be conscious of the attitudes and reactions of the unseen members of his class.

But there is another side to the story, and it presents many positive and hopeful aspects for our educational system and our future as a nation. Much of the initial impetus for ETV and the support for its development has come from the Ford Foundation, which has endowed it with a total of \$50,000,000. Recently, the Foundation issued a report on its activities in this field. It indicated that ETV has been far more than just a novel stunt and that its potential for enlightenment is indeed promising.

According to the findings of the Foundation, dur-

ing the school year that is now approaching an end, at least three million students in 7,500 schools in many parts of the United States were receiving part of their regular daily instruction by television. Perhaps as many more were receiving "enrichment" programs which contained material not counted for academic credit but helpful in supplementing the regular curriculum.

An estimated three hundred colleges and universities have been giving credit courses on TV to about 250,000 students. This figure represents only 15 per cent of the total number of institutions of higher learning in the country. But a year ago, the number of colleges and universities participating was 186, and two years ago it was only eighty-seven.

Booming TV Classroom. Under the guidance of the National Educational Television and Radio Center, there are now fifty-four educational stations on the air, and it is anticipated that there will be ten more by next year.

The Center provides each station with eight hours of programs a week, many of which are produced by the stations themselves and circulated, through the Center, on tape recordings for use in other locations. The Center, subsidized by the Ford Foundation and other philanthropic units, pays most of the cost of the programs.

Another form of ETV has been the "Continental Classroom" series of early morning courses in mathematics, physics, and chemistry, conducted for the last three years on a coast-to-coast network of N.B.C. stations on a non-commercial basis. Eight thousand students preparing for teaching careers and high-school teachers working for advanced degrees in

education have been enrolled through three hundred colleges and universities for courses taught on this program. Several hundred thousand other viewers, including many teachers, are said to have watched the telecasts on a non-credit basis.

"Continental Classroom" courses, planned with the co-operation of the American Chemical Society, the Conference Organizations of Mathematical Sciences, and other professional groups, have been conducted by gifted professors and have used the services of guest lecturers, including fourteen Nobel Prize winners. Of the students taking the courses in physics and chemistry for credit, 74 per cent passed.

The nation's first "live" ETV network was established in 1955 in Alabama, where the shortage of qualified teachers had been particularly acute. In the year before the Alabama network began, it was estimated that about 500,000 of the state's pupils were receiving instruction from teachers holding emergency certificates.

Now more than 300,000 pupils in six hundred schools, covering four-fifths of the state, are receiving lessons by TV. Alabama educators have been encouraged by two aspects of the ETV programs. One is the availability of subjects such as music, art, languages, and sciences, for which many schools have unqualified teachers or no teachers at all. The other is the opportunity afforded to teachers, who now receive, by TV, courses that help them to obtain regular teaching certificates and degrees. It is interesting to note that Latin, a subject that was dropped from the curriculum a generation ago, has returned to some Alabama schools. And 450 pupils in fifteen of the state's high schools have been taking televised courses in Russian four days a week.

What Teachers Say. "We don't pretend that ETV alone is going to solve our educational problems," says Edwin T. Williams, ETV co-ordinator for the Alabama State Department of Education. "But it has put us years ahead of where we would be otherwise."

In Marbury, Alabama, a rural area, the consolidated school has twelve grades, twelve classrooms, and four hundred pupils. Its principal, John Formby, reported: "My teachers are hard-working, but you can't expect them to teach math, Spanish, science, and English equally well. ETV has given the assistance of a highly trained staff of educational specialists to help enrich classroom instruction."

In a classroom in Hagerstown, Maryland, the center since 1956 of the Washington County Closed Circuit Educational Television Project, white-haired Marian V. Gittings, a teacher for thirty-two years, sat behind her pupils watching a science lecture and demonstration on the TV screen. After it ended, she said:

"Once I was teaching my class about what makes it snow. After a while, I'd used up all my blackboards. Now this can be taught better and more briefly in a televised lesson where the teacher has had as much as two or three solid days to prepare. And, of course, in an elementary-grade classroom, you wouldn't want to fool around with live snakes and with charges of electricity, things that can be handled safely in a televised lesson."

E. G. Ebbighausen, Professor of Astronomy at the University of Oregon, at first resisted an offer to teach on TV. But after he agreed and started his

televised courses, he said: "I'm an informal lecturer. I thought, how do I interact with this inanimate camera. It doesn't laugh; it doesn't grin; it doesn't look sour when a student misses the point. Well, I must say that I am enjoying myself, partly because I'm teaching students on campuses that never had astronomy before."

What Can TV Do? There are many other ways in which TV offers tremendous advantages over conventional classroom techniques in certain areas. Original documents, photographs, sketches, and other equipment that never would be available to the average teacher can be shown to the class on the TV screen. Materials from museums, libraries, historical societies, industrial plants, and government agencies can be placed before the cameras. The TV screen also can provide excellent close-up views of laboratory experiments, paintings, or the lips of a teacher forming the sounds of a foreign language.

There is clearly a danger in the possibility of overemphasizing showmanship in ETV. But the medium, used with discretion and intelligence, has clear advantages.

By the fall of this year, an imaginative experiment, designed to provide lessons for thousands of schools in a six-state area in the Midwest by means of a "flying classroom," is expected to begin. The aircraft, operating four miles above a point in northeast Indiana, will transmit tape-recorded classes over a two-hundred-mile radius in that state, Illinois, Kentucky, Michigan, Ohio, and Wisconsin. A conventional TV antenna on the ground would be limited to a seventy-five-mile radius.

Many of the nation's educators have discovered that there also are valuable educational aids in some of the programs carried on regular commercial TV channels. Televised dramas and discussion programs have been watched by students at home as regular assignments from their teachers.

During the past season, for example, some English teachers in the New York and Washington, D.C., areas assigned their classes to watch "An Age of Kings," a series of Shakespeare's historical dramas on WNEW-TV (New York) and WTTG-TV (Washington), both of the Metropolitan Broadcasting Corporation. The filmed programs, using a cast of English players, offered, in edited form, Shakespeare's chronicle of the rise and fall of seven monarchs in five plays.

These teachers had discovered that TV can be an effective supplement to regular classroom instruction. And the word "supplement" is significant in considering any form of ETV. It is unrealistic, considering the strides that education by TV has made, to dismiss it as a fad or a stunt. But it never can be any more than an auxiliary method of education.

Its value was described cogently by Father Lawrence V. Britt, S.J., president of Detroit University. Declaring that ETV was here to stay, he predicted that students in the year 2061 will be studying the history of the 1960's by watching it on TV tape. He noted that ETV can bring outstanding scholars of the day to more students at one time than a teacher might reach otherwise in a lifetime.

But Father Britt added a significant note of caution. "It is no panacea, no substitute for traditional teaching methods," he said. "The electronic tube cannot understand a troubled child."

SIGNPOST

your questions answered

BY ADRIAN LYNCH, C.P.

Illegitimacy: Priesthood and Religious Life

Why can't an illegitimate child become a priest or a nun? The child is not at fault for the sin of his parents and therefore should not be punished for it. Is there any way that such a child could choose a religious career and be accepted without difficulty?—IRVINGTON, N. J.

Several letters have been received questioning the justice and even fairness of the Church in making illegitimate birth an irregularity to the reception of the priesthood. I selected yours as being more temperate. In reply to all who wrote, it is necessary to distinguish aspirants for the (1) priesthood and (2) candidates for the religious life in which the priesthood is not involved. The former, of course, concerns only men; the latter, lay religious-men and women.

(1) It will, perhaps, enlighten critics of the Church, if it is emphasized that irregularity arising from illegitimate birth is not a penalty for crime but a disqualification for the reception of Holy Orders. There are other irregularities to the priesthood, such as bodily deformity, epilepsy, etc., which may affect a boy of legitimate birth and of exemplary conduct, but they bar him from the priesthood. The reason ought to be evident: the good of the priesthood and the right performance of its sacred duties. In regard to illegitimacy, the Church does not wish the taint to be transferred, as it were, to the priesthood.

Every society has the right to set up the qualifications for admission. For example, no injustice is done to a young man of defective vision, if he is not accepted for admission to the U. S. Air Force Academy, no matter how patriotic he may be. His failure to meet the standard is not a penalty but a wise provision intended, not only for the good of the Air Force, but also for his own good. It is the same with youths who do not meet the standards set up by the Church for admission to the priesthood. It was mentioned before in "Sign Post" that the Church makes provision for a dispensation from the irregularity of illegitimacy in certain cases. An illegitimate young man might be dispensed from the irregularity and adopted by a bishop of a diocese distant from his home, so that his illegitimacy would not be known and cause adverse comment. Critics of the Church seem to imagine that this latter occurrence is very rare. It isn't.

(2) With reference to admission into a religious novitiate of women and nonclerical male religious, the common law of the Church does not lay down any impediment of illegitimacy, but the particular constitutions of the institute may do so. In this matter a dispensation may be had



from the proper authority in the case of a worthy aspirant, but a refusal to admit because of illegitimacy is not an injustice. No one has a right to be admitted, even though he has a right to ask to be admitted.

Both the Church and religious communities have learned from sad experience the wisdom of utmost care in admitting subjects who have defects which work against the welfare of the community and also themselves. The common good is always to be preferred to the particular good. Nowadays much more attention is paid to origins, heredity, and mental and nervous afflictions than formerly, and this to the advantage of both community and individual. In this matter, reason and experience are to be preferred to emotion and sentiment.

Communion of Saints: Mystical Body

Please briefly and clearly define the Communion of Saints and the Mystical Body of Christ. Is there a distinction between the two?—WOODWARD, IOWA.

The Communion of Saints is one of the articles of the Apostles' Creed. By it Catholics profess their belief that the saints in heaven, the souls in purgatory, and the faithful on earth are all members of one communion or society. Though separated from one another in space and time, they are all united in charity as members of one great spiritual family. The words "communion" and "saints" in this article of the creed refer not to the Holy Eucharist and canonized saints but to the union understood in the above sense.

Another name for this communion is the Mystical Body of Christ. Our Lord not only had a physical body, which was born of the Virgin Mary and suffered and died on the cross; He had, and has, another kind of body, which is made up of those who are united to Him in the bond of charity. In the words of St. Paul, "so we being many are one body in Christ, and every one members of one another." (Rom. 12:5) This truth is clearly implied in the conversion of St. Paul. When a dazzling light from heaven caused him to fall from his horse on his way to Damascus to arrest the Christians, he heard a voice saying, "Saul, Saul, why do you persecute me?" (Acts 9:4 *et seq.*) Saul was persecuting the Christians, and because they were united with Christ, Saul was acting against Christ, their head.

Membership in Y's

Is it a sin to join the YMCA or the YWCA? If so, please tell me if it is a mortal or a venial sin?—NEW YORK, N. Y.

The simplicity of your question is proof that you are ignorant of the character of both these organizations. Fundamentally, the YMCA is a religious sect whose principal aim is to educate youth according to the principles of liberal Protestantism. It has other activities, but the above-mentioned objective is the principal one. This is evident from its official literature. Consequently, there is only one logical attitude for a Catholic to take regarding membership in the YMCA—stay away from it and don't endanger your Catholic faith. This is the attitude the Holy See directs the bishops of the Catholic Church to foster among the faithful.

The YWCA is distinct from the YMCA, but its educational program is essentially the same and the same warning must be given concerning it. This will mean a hardship

for Catholics in some instances. The Y's have hotel and recreational facilities at modest prices in many places where there are none under Catholic or neutral auspices. In some cases it might be tolerated for Catholics to utilize these facilities for periods of time, but it would be well to contact the local Catholic pastor to see whether there would be any danger to the faith.

For further information about this matter, I recommend the pamphlet *YMCA, Why Can't We Join?* by Douglas J. Roche, published by Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind., for 10 cents, net.

Fatima and the Sun: The Letter

(1) *Are Catholics required to believe the story of the vision at Fatima, especially about the sun revolving? This seems impossible to me, even though some atmospheric condition may have made it seem to revolve. If it actually did revolve, it would have been seen from other places than Fatima and it would have upset the whole balance of the solar system.* (2) *Assuming it is true, what became of the third part of the revelations which was to have been disclosed some time in 1960?*—BROOKLYN, N. Y.

(1) I repeat in part what I answered in the October 1960 issue. "The apparitions of the Blessed Virgin at Lourdes and Fatima are not matters of Catholic dogma. The faithful are free to believe them or not. If they do believe in them, it is because they consider the evidence convincing. And to the normal person it is." As to the so-called "miracle of the sun," it is temerarious for us to say that God cannot do things. Do we not profess in the Apostles' Creed, "I believe in God the Father Almighty?" God could arrange to produce the sensation of a revolving and descending sun upon thousands of spectators (there were about seventy thousand involved), while the sun actually rode its tranquil orbit in the heavens and the solar system was undisturbed. The only thing that God Almighty cannot do is what cannot be done.

(2) I presume that the "Letter" was opened by Church authorities during 1960, as predicted by Lucy, the lone survivor of the three children at Fatima. The contents have not been revealed so far. It is well to add that Lucy did not say that they would be. Hence, there is no failure to record.

Dead Sea Scrolls and Christ

I have encountered a self-professed atheist who has accumulated much literature to support his position that there is no God, that we do not have souls, that the world was created accidentally, and he has recently cited a book entitled Commentary on the Dead Sea Scrolls which he claims is a sort of history of the times of Jesus Christ, yet makes no mention of Jesus. He concludes that this is an indication that Jesus never lived. Could you throw some light on this?—BERGENFIELD, N. J.

The Dead Sea Scrolls were discovered in caves by Arabs about 1945 and are constantly being studied, as well as assembled, by experts. They are in no case a history of the times of Jesus Christ, since they were composed by Essenes or Holy Men about two hundred years before the advent of Christ. Of course, they do not mention Him as a person who has appeared, but they do mention Him indirectly, insofar as they repeat the expectation of the Jews for the coming of the Messias. Judging from your friend's conclusion about the *Commentary*, it is probably one written by someone who holds similar views.

Church and Cremation

On what does the Catholic Church base its opposition to the practice of cremation, in view of the fact the final result is the same as burial—return to dust?—SILVER SPRING, N. Y.

The Church opposes cremation, as an ordinary procedure, because it is a violent destruction of the human corpse, contrary to the tradition of Christian piety, and in the beginning cremation was promoted by enemies of the Church, as an attack on the doctrine of bodily resurrection from the grave.

Mitigated Lent

The bishops of the Dioceses of Buffalo, N. Y., Ogdensburg, N. Y., and Portland, Me., have exempted Catholics of their dioceses from fasting during Lent. Why should this be and Catholics of nearby dioceses have to observe the fast?—ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.



The bishops of the above-mentioned dioceses have expressed their reasons for the mitigation of the fast of Lent in their Lenten Pastoral. Thus, one bishop explained the mitigation in this way: "Because of the changing conditions of our times, especially among the working classes, and in our whole social order, the Holy See deemed it advisable to grant to local bishops the power to modify the universal law of the Church with regard to fast and abstinence, etc." The Holy See granted the power, but left it to the local bishops to use the faculties granted to them. Just as each State of the Union may decide to tax or not to tax certain articles, so the bishops of the Church may decide to mitigate or not to mitigate the universal law of fast and abstinence. They cannot, of course, dispense the faithful from doing penance in some way, because this obligation is divine. Where mitigations have been granted, other forms of penance are indicated.

It may be added that the bishop of Dallas, Texas, and all the bishops of Canada have mitigated the Lenten fast in accordance with the faculties granted by the Holy See.

Religious as Sponsor

May a religious act as a godparent at baptism?

According to Canon 766 #4 of the Code of Canon Law, it is unlawful for a novice or a professed of any religious institute to act as a sponsor or godparent at baptism, unless necessity urges and explicit permission of one's superior, at least the local, is had.

Serra International

Please give me some information about the Serra Club and the qualifications for membership.—SANDUSKY, OHIO.

Serra International, its proper title, is a society established to foster vocations to the priesthood and also to furnish assistance in their education. It also aims to further enduring friendships among Catholic men. Membership is limited to men. Its American headquarters are located at 38 South Dearborn Street, Chicago 3, Ill. Write to this address for detailed information.

SUMMER JOURNAL of

No one would have to look very long, at this moment, for a list of 1961 hammock books, new books recommended for an adult's two-week vacation. To be fair about it, there should be six times as many book lists for children: they have six times as long a vacation. But there aren't, because the general feeling is that all children's books are equally good, and none really rise to the top, where lists are made. The truth is, however, that some do. The good, the bad, and the indifferent among new books for children make a familiar pattern; it is a pyramid with the best books at the peak. If a child, this summer, knows something about the bright, new peak books, trips to the library during the long vacation can be more fun and, painlessly, more valuable. The following books were chosen from the current crop for their all-around excellence. This isn't an exhaustive list, but it could be a foundation one. One good book has a way of suggesting another, particularly to children, who have the time to read, the freedom to concentrate, and the real eagerness to find a second book as good as the first, and a third as fine as the second.

The Peg-Legged Pirate of Sulu, by Cora Cheney. This would be a very good start for a ten-year-old's summer reading. Set in the Philippines in the eighteenth century, it has everything to satisfy the sense of adventure and to whet the reading appetite. The book's hero, Ping, a native boy, encounters on his own beach the most terrible pirate in local legend, a peg-legged criminal so evil that his own crew threw him overboard. The pirate orders Ping to bring him a man of religion to explain Christianity. In piratical temper, he has decided that he will either become a Christian or destroy the village. Ping trots off fearfully to find Brother Francisco, whom the pirate has demanded—only to find that the holy man is dead. Knopf, \$2.75, ages 8-12.

Dead Man's Light, by Scott Corbett. Excitement runs high in this Victorian mystery, which has a wonderfully fresh and fascinating setting: a small, ancient lighthouse on the New England coast. Here, the head keeper and his orphan-nephew battle a pervasive threat that is somehow related to an old and spooky mystery. The story is as brisk as a sea breeze and expertly salted with humor. Atlantic—Little, Brown, \$3.00, ages 10-14.

Children of the Red King, by Madeleine Polland. An adventure in thirteenth-century Christian Ireland, this is, technically, a girl's book. But boys who read the first few pages of the rich and vigorous story will purloin it. The Irish princess Grania and her younger brother are captive wards of the local Norman lord, a foreigner who has conquered the countryside and driven their father into hiding. The sensitive Grania realizes that she could be an instrument of peace by bringing about a meeting between her tempery, red-headed father and the kindly Norman. The children, trailed by evil men, make a dark and fearsome journey to the tribal hiding place. Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, \$3.00, ages 9-13.

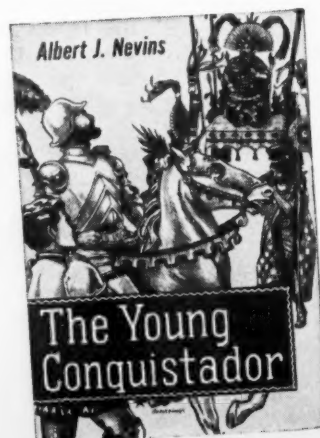
Journey for a Princess, by Margaret Leighton. The fourteen-year-old daughter of King Alfred the Great of Wessex undertakes a pilgrimage from Britain to Rome. Arranged by the king, the journey has a secret purpose: to prepare the way for the princess' marriage to the young count of Flanders, whom she has never seen. There is fast-moving excitement in this book as the princess' party makes the dangerous trip, but the story's major value is its warm portrait of the lovely princess as

she grows toward womanhood. Girls will accept her with sympathy and admiration and, when they have finished her story, will wish for more. Ariel Books, \$2.95, ages 12-16.

Margaret Leighton is the author of a 1957 book which belongs on anyone's list of best modern books for boys, **Comanche of the Seventh**. It is the fictionized story of the Army mount which was the only living thing on the battlefield after the Battle of the Little Big Horn. Superbly written, it is full of informed sympathy for both the Indian and the soldier who, under orders, battled him cruelly for his ancestral lands. Ariel Books, \$3.00, ages 12-16.

Massacre at Ash Hollow, by Robert T. Reilly. An eighteen-year-old wilderness trapper is determined, in the year 1855, to avenge his father's murder. The boy is convinced that Indians are responsible, and he is fiercely glad to sign on as an Army scout for the force that is pursuing the Brules Sioux. He has a hard lesson to learn about the raw horror of all killing. There is a Catholic strain in this well-constructed western where boys will find the ingredients they love presented with imagination. Bruce, \$2.00, ages 10-14.

The Young Conquistador, by Albert J. Nevins. A fictional Diego de Molina accompanies Cortes on his exploration



JUNIOR BOOKS

by
Mary Louise
Hector

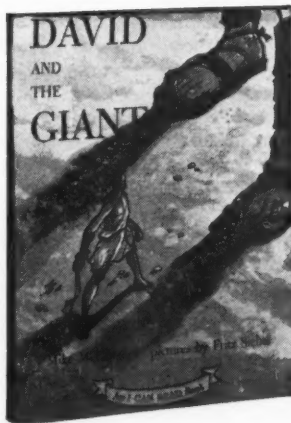
of the fabulous Mexican Indian empire. This is a long book, because it is carefully written with a mass of historical detail and because it is generous with story, characterization, and humor. There is skillful reference to the role of the Church in the Mexican conquest. *Dodd, Mead, \$3.00, ages 13-up.*

Here Comes Harry, by Hilda Lewis. The title-figure is Henry VI, boy-king of England in the early fifteenth century. This is a book for the most accomplished of young readers, who will welcome its length, its complexities, and its rich re-creation of an historical age. The dramatic highlight of a story which has a depth of emotion for every height of action is the young monarch's brief encounter with the alleged French witch Joan of Arc during her trial at Rouen. *Criterion, \$3.50, ages 12-16.*

Caxton's Challenge, by Cynthia Harnett. Another fifteenth-century tale, this is a serious and lively double-mystery, with a young lad apprenticed to the first British printer, William Caxton, for its hero. The book offers an absorbing tour through medieval London and a brisk trip to some of its environs. It can introduce a prize-winning author and lead readers to other of her superior books. *World, \$3.95, ages 12-up.*

Three Wishes for Sarah, by Mary Malone. Sarah is a sixth-grader in a typical Catholic grammar school in 1938, and the Depression is a condition of her life. Happy in school and secure in her family, Sarah is unprepared for the heavy blow that strikes: her near-slum neighborhood is slated for clearance. The girl makes a wish and takes an action. Readers will be with her every step of the way, recognizing their own activities and feelings in hers and fascinated by the combined closeness and distance of her era. *Dodd, Mead, \$3.00, 8-12.*

Mary Malone's first book is **This Was Bridget**. For its good story, its vital characterizations, and the light, true touch of its Catholicism, it is an impressive success. Bridget is an orphan who, in the late twenties, leaves her crowded city neighborhood to live with elderly relatives in a small town. *Dodd, Mead, \$3.00, ages 10-14.*



David and the Giant, by Mike McClintock. The small shepherd lad overcomes the frightening Goliath in a rime story that has a real verbal stride and the type of excitement to lift a young listener to his feet. *Harper, \$1.95, ages 4-8.*

Shadows on the Mud, by Captain Frank Knight. An English brother and sister who love sailing in general and their ancient boat in particular enter into a serious neighborhood mystery. Adults have directed suspicion and some hateful prejudice against boys of a local, newly established custodial school, but the children are ready to accept (and help) good friends wherever they may be found. This one is substantial reading and always as crackling as a mystery should be. *St. Martin's Press, \$3.25, ages 10-14.*

Sara, by Louise Lee Floethe. Another girl of the twenties, but a wealthy one who attends a progressive sort of New York school, Sara is a man-hater and a dedicated dramatist at the start of the story. In its light and amusing progress, Sara begins—as herself and as a delightful type of all young girls—to grow up. *Ariel, \$2.75, ages 9-12.*

Christy, by Carole Bolton. A May-December romance hovers over the pages of this unusually good adolescent novel. Parents who are worried about their daughter's appetite for frothy,

girlish soap-operas will find that *Christy* has lightness with meaning, contemporariness with reality. *Morrow, \$2.95, ages 12-16.*

The Impossible Journey of Sir Ernest Shackleton, by William Bixby. In 1914, Shackleton failed in his attempt to cross the Antarctic continent; his ship was imprisoned in ice before the exploration even began. From an uncharted point a thousand miles from civilization, he led his entire party, with hopelessly inadequate provisions, to ultimate safety. Bixby tells the story with a good reporter's skill and the added talent of a good storyteller. The book is a hard-to-put-down chronicle of "impossible" human courage and resourcefulness. *Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.00, ages 12-up.*

The Great Proclamation, by Henry Steele Commager. Using photographs and documents of the time, this brief book gives the young reader a rarely offered understanding of the Emancipation Proclamation and does it in an interesting way. It is not only a valuable supplement to school work but an independently excellent piece of writing. *Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.95, ages 10-14.*

Bernadette, by G. B. Stern. This is a book for the family to treasure because it will appeal to every child member and bring something of great value to the whole. A beautiful volume, it tells the story of Lourdes with felicity, feeling, and challenge. *Thos. Nelson & Sons, \$2.95, ages 8-12.*

Pope Pius XII, by Louis de Wohl. The author had several audiences with the pope and came away convinced that the pontiff was a saint. De Wohl's love and virile enthusiasm permeate these pages. But if the book approaches hagiography, it does so accompanied by exact biography. The author's description of his first audience is brilliantly dramatic, one of the high points of recent juvenile writing. *Vision, \$1.95, ages 9-15.*

Florence Nightingale's Nuns, by Emmeline Garnett. Five London Sisters of Mercy worked with the wounded in the Crimea. Their small place in history is seldom examined. Not only its curiousness but its magnificence—compounded

(Continued on page 68)

BY KATHERINE BURTON

Woman to Woman



● The name Bouvier, in the news lately, deserves notice, for it is an interesting name in the United States. In a book on Mother Katharine Drexel which I wrote some years ago, there are many bearers of that name. Since this was a book about Drexels, and there were many of them, one can see the importance of the other name in her life.

She had lost her own mother when she was a baby. When she was two years old, her father, Francis Drexel, head of the Philadelphia banking house, remarried. His first wife had been a Dunkard; Francis, though married in the Church, was not at the time a very active Catholic. Emma Bouvier, his second wife, was. She was a Philadelphian too, of a cultured family of French origin. Bouviers had come with the dashing young Lafayette to help America find her way to freedom; one of them had remained and became a citizen. Among his descendants was Emma, Francis' wife.

On alternate Saturdays, Francis' daughters and a child of the second union were taken to the Dunkard grandmother's home; she was a woman of dignity and still wore the plain dress of her sect. The other Saturdays, the children went to the French grandparents—elegant Mrs. Bouvier, who expected and received homage from young and old, and grandfather Bouvier, who was, said Francis, a very excitable Frenchman but also a fine American businessman.

There were many aunts there too—Thérèse and Elsie and Zenaide and lovely Alexine and Marie, who was delicate: there was Madame Louise, of the Religious of the Sacred Heart, in her nearby convent. There was a wonderful uncle called by his admiring nieces Prince Michel. For the two older were nieces to this group as well as Emma's child.

Emma Drexel was a devout Catholic who did more than go to Mass on Sunday. She had what her husband called her private social-service agency, which Mrs. Drexel administered in a way which would not be thought dated today. Twice a week to the big, Walnut Street mansion came people in need; when the weather was bad, they were invited into the house. They received orders for food and clothing, for coal and rent—sometimes for all four.

She was no mere Lady Bountiful handing out gratuities with large gestures. She employed a woman to follow up cases and look after immediate needs; then cards were given to present at the Drexel home for later help. It was estimated that she spent more than twenty thousand dollars a year in this work.

She had a small special charity, directed to maiden ladies and widows, once affluent and with standing in the community, who would have starved and frozen rather than ask for charity. To them, money and food was brought secretly. A phrase that Mrs. Drexel quoted very often to her helpers was:

"Kindness may be unkind.
If it leaves a sting behind."

A Famous American Family

When she died in 1883, Eleanor Donnelly wrote of her:

"No golden shrine all gem besprent
Fame o'er your ashes rears.
Behold the poor—your monument!
Your epitaph—their tears!"

It is, of course, possible that Katharine Drexel's life might have run the way it did without Emma Bouvier's influence, but one may well doubt it. Even before her father's death, she had acquired a deep interest in the Indians; he financed various missions for them. Her later interest turned especially to the Negroes of the South.

When her father died, Katharine became the heiress of millions. Always inclined to the contemplative religious life, she sought advice from Leo XIII. At a private audience, she told him she wanted to enter an enclosed order but wanted to give her fortune to a congregation which would spend it entirely in work for Indians and Negroes. Could he suggest one?

The wise, dark eyes looked at her thoughtfully. "But why not be their missionary yourself?" he asked. To her, it was a command. It was also the beginning of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, of work for missions and schools, of a great Negro university in New Orleans where her graduates went out to teach neglected Negro children.

The woman who, as a girl, said she was glad when Lent was over because she got so tired of terrapine and who had always traveled in private railway cars now took with her sandwiches to eat in a day coach on the way to her many missions in the South and Southwest. Thousands were spent for Negro and Indian betterment; for herself, no extra dime.

By the time she opened schools in New York's Harlem, at the request of Cardinal Hayes, there were Bouviers living in that city and they came to help her work—especially Prince Michel, who came to launch her first school, giving it, said an amused Mother Katharine, an air of elegance by the "elite" he brought along to see it—and of course to aid it financially.

The Bouviers were a great part of Mother Katharine's life. Not only was there solid Philadelphia in her, but she had acquired the French charm of the Bouviers—and most of all the characteristics of Emma Bouvier Drexel, who gave an example as well as money to the poor. Emma had lived the life of a woman of wealth, but she never forgot that the fortune came from God and was a trust to help His needy. One wonders if the mother, whose words of faith were heard by the child and whose active charity was carried to great heights by the daughter of her heart, is not perhaps co-founder (and perhaps we may list Pope Leo as one, too) of the Congregation which was, and is still, one of the most potent forces in the education, the advancement, and the common justice to Negro and Indian in our country.

BOOK REVIEWS

Let's Upgrade Reading Tastes of Catholics

BY JOHN J. DELANEY, Editor, Image Books

Not too long ago, a favorite quip among certain intellectuals was the studied observation, accompanied by doleful head-shaking, "Catholics don't read." During the past decade, this tried shibboleth has been devastatingly exploded by the appearance on nationwide, best-seller lists of such titles as Thomas Merton's *Seven Storey Mountain* and *Sign of Jonas*, Fulton J. Sheen's *Peace of Soul* and *Lift Up Your Heart*, Fulton Oursler's *The Greatest Story Ever Told*, Henry Morton Robinson's *The Cardinal*, and numerous other best-selling books which have been purchased by hundreds of thousands and the basic appeal of which was to a Catholic audience.

Hard on the heels of this development were the rise in the number of Catholic book clubs from a single, hard-pressed club three decades ago to the eight flourishing Catholic book clubs now in existence and the tremendous increase in the number of books of Catholic interest. (Note the startling increase in the number of such titles published, from 457 in 1954 to 1,003 in 1960).

The final clincher in laying to rest a too long-lived canard was the success of Image Books, a paperback line of books of Catholic interest which from every point of view—literary, sales, readership, and appeal—compares favorably with any line of paperbacks in the book world.

Upon the realization that their first line of pessimism had been hard breached, our dolorous friends then turned their attention to another aspect of the reading habits of American Catholics. Presently, they are busily engaged in disseminating new despair over another imaginary reading ill they feel is indigenous to Catholic readers. The latest fashion in some intellectual circles is the loudly proclaimed belief that, though Catholics may read, yet the caliber of the books they read is pretty low, from an intellectual and literary viewpoint. This I just do not believe. My own experience in the literary world is that Catholics not only do their share, and proportionately a higher share, of the reading done by Americans but read on a much higher level than is usually realized. Perhaps an examination of two or three areas of book readership will explain my feeling in this matter.

The first rebuttal of this new cliché is the experience of Image Books. When Image Books first began, many believed it would be necessary to rely heavily, if not exclusively, on popular appeal books, since this was the only kind of book that Catholics read. In actual practice, happily, such has not been the case. Repeatedly, books of the highest literary merit and intellectual content

have been high among the leaders in sales in the Image Book line. Just consider some of the books and authors which have been so successful in Image Books: Karl Adam's *Spirit of Catholicism*, Georges Bernanos' *Diary of a Country Priest*, St. Thomas Aquinas' *Summa Contra Gentiles* (in five volumes yet!), Thomas Merton's *Sign of Jonas*, G. K. Chesterton's *Orthodoxy*, *The Everlasting Man*, and St. Thomas Aquinas, Daniel-Rops' *Jesus and His Times*, Philip Hughes' *A Popular History of the Catholic Church* and *A Popular History of the Reformation*, Jacques Maritain's *Existence and the Existent*, Christopher Dawson's *Religion and the Rise of Western Culture*, Francois Mauriac's *Woman of the Pharisees* and *Vipers' Tangle*, and books by Cardinal Newman, St. Teresa of Avila, and St. John of the Cross.

I doubt if anyone can seriously question the worth and intrinsic merit of books of this nature. And yet these works have been enthusiastically received and, in terms of copies sold, are right up with such seemingly more popular titles as Bruce Marshall's *The World, The Flesh, and Father Smith*, and Father Malachy's *Miracle*, Myles Connolly's *Mr. Blue*, Louis de Wohl's *The Quiet Light* and *The Restless Flame*, and Monsignor Kennedy's *Light on the Mountain*.

Next in our areas to be considered are some aspects of Catholic book clubs. A most interesting development has been the fact that the two so-called intellectual clubs, The Thomas More Book Club and the Catholic Book Club, have in recent years greatly increased their membership. An examination of the type of books these clubs offer indicates that unless there is a Catholic audience for good Catholic reading, neither of these two clubs would be in existence today. Of equal significance is the fact that even among the Catholic book clubs of more popular appeal, an outstanding work is among the most popular selections. For example, when Catholic Family Book Club used Dainel-Rops' *Jesus and His Times*, which is generally accepted as one of the fine twentieth-century lives of Christ, it was among the most popular selections ever offered in this club. Obviously, if Catholic clubs

SIGNSURVEY

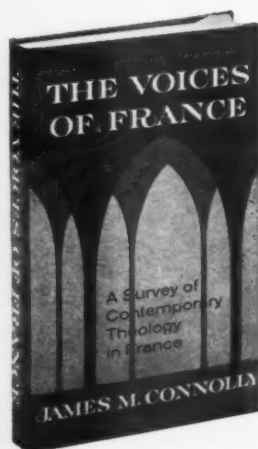
OF BEST SELLING BOOKS

Reported for the June issue by leading Catholic book stores across the nation

1. **TO LIVE IS CHRIST.** By Robert W. Gleason, S.J. \$3.00. Sheed & Ward
2. **WE HOLD THESE TRUTHS.** By John Courtney Murray, S.J. \$5.00. Sheed & Ward
3. **NOW!** By Rev. M. Raymond, O.C.S.O. \$4.25. Bruce
4. **DR. TOM DOOLEY'S THREE GREAT BOOKS.** By Dr. Thomas A. Dooley. \$5.00. Farrar, Straus, & Cudahy
5. **APPROACH TO CALVARY.** By Dom Hubert van Zeller. \$2.95. Sheed & Ward
6. **THE CATHOLIC MARRIAGE MANUAL.** By Msgr. George A. Kelly. \$4.95. Random House
7. **THIS IS THE HOLY LAND.** By Bishop Sheen, Karsh, & Morton. \$4.95. Hawthorn
8. **GO TO HEAVEN.** By Bishop Fulton J. Sheen. \$4.50. McGraw Hill
9. **MARY WAS HER LIFE.** By Sister M. Pierre. \$3.95. Benziger
10. **THE DIVINE MILIEU.** By Pierre Teilhard de Chardin. \$3.00. Harper

THE VOICES OF FRANCE

A
SURVEY OF
CONTEMPORARY THEOLOGY
IN FRANCE



\$5.50

James M. Connolly surveys the historical elements that have influenced French theology in the twentieth century and indicates the broader outline of the French intellectual tradition. He devotes considerable attention to the Biblical - Liturgical - Patristic revival and traces the major themes of modern French theology through discussions of

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offering books of high intellectual content are flourishing in the Catholic field and if the popular book clubs find wide acceptance for outstanding works of high scholarship, then there must be a larger audience for fine Catholic books than has generally been assumed.

One further point should be brought out. All too frequently, publishers of leading Catholic books do not reach the market for many books of higher intellectual concept. This is not said in any disparaging sense, since anyone aware of the intricate structure of publishing economics knows the problems involved in launching any book. But it is, nevertheless, a fact. Recently, a dramatic example of what happens when a book does find its market occurred with the publication of John Courtney Murray's *We Hold These Truths*. By any standards, this is a brilliant consideration of the position of Catholics in a pluralistic society, with emphasis on the United States. Published by Sheed and Ward in October of last year, it had a moderate initial sale and a continuing satisfactory, but not too exciting, sales rate. The December twelfth issue of *Time* gave its front cover to John Courtney Murray and carried a feature article on him and the book. Sales zoomed overnight, and the book became an immediate best seller. The book before the *Time* article was exactly the same book as after the *Time* article; nevertheless, it took the article to skyrocket the book into national best-sellerdom. Obviously, there was a large audience for this book: it took a front cover story in *Time* to reach it.

The problem facing all publishers is how to reach the audience for any particular book. In the Catholic field, this is particularly true.

All in all, then, it is my firm conviction that downgrading of Catholic literary tastes in the United States is a practice which should be replaced by a realistic approach based on a true knowledge of the situation. There is a sizable Catholic audience for books of outstanding intellectual and literary content. Also, happily, this is a growing audience and in the next decade, as the full impact of the vastly increased numbers of college-trained Catholics is felt, I expect to see it increasing by leaps and bounds.

The Catholic audience for good books is a flourishing fact. Rather than bemoan the supposed lack of this audience, we should devote more attention to the real problems in Catholic literature. We should turn to the task of developing first-rate authors, in order to supply the growing audience of readers, and of making the readers of good books aware of the existence of such authors.

Catholics read much better books than they are generally given credit for.

JOHN HUGHES: EAGLE OF THE CHURCH

By Doran Hurley.
Kenedy.

190 pages.
\$2.50



Doran Hurley

Adults, as well as the young people for whom this book is written, will thrill to the singleness of purpose of the Irish boy who made his hazardous way from the poverty of Ireland in 1817 to the promise of America. Here he would fulfill his dream of becoming a priest.

Self-taught until now, he was ready for the opportunity to earn the Catholic education that heretofore only the rich could afford. Working first as a gardener, then a teacher at Mt. St. Mary's in Emmitsburg, Maryland—studying as he toiled—he was well on his way to holy orders.

Soon after his ordination, Father John Hughes entered heartily into the problem of separation of Church and state that beset the new America as it does in our times. He dealt with loyalty to God and country, financial aid to public and parochial schools in a selfless, patriotic pattern that commanded the respect and admiration of all civic leaders, an inspiration to us who are faced with similar problems in this generation.

Irish emigrants, the friendless, sick, poor, orphans, and aged—all came under his personal charge. It was their grateful pennies that made his final dream come true, the largest Catholic church in America, St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. Twin spires, one for God and one for country, reach upward to heaven itself. He, New York's first archbishop, lies buried beneath the high altar. He planned the Cathedral but died before its completion in 1864.

Doran Hurley has given us an exceptionally well-told story.

CATHERINE BEEBE.

THE EVERLASTING PRIEST

By A. M. Carré, O.P.
Kenedy.

132 pages.
\$3.50



Father Carré

Social and literary trends today have created new interest in the priest. However, this new interest will only lead to confusion unless one seeking to understand the priest looks at him through eyes of faith. Father Carré states plainly: "The priest is a paradox. The mystery of his personality will not fit into any of the pigeonholes

into which every society likes to set its members." As the continuation of Jesus Christ, who is a priest by the very nature of the Incarnation, the merely human priest must also "bridge the gap between the human and divine."

In his study, Father Carré follows a traditional path but provides a wealth of new insights. He shows that the priest must also be "a man of sacrifice."

If the priest is to be truly "all things to all men," both he and his congregation must avoid narrowness of view, realizing that, beyond this particular assignment, "his parish is . . . the world." In considering "the priest—a man apart," the author includes a positive treatment of priestly celibacy that could do much to counteract popular misunderstandings.

Writing with a vivid appreciation of what the priest is and what he should be in our twentieth-century world, Father Carré has given us a book that will make engrossing reading for priests and laity alike.

KENT RUMMENIE, C.P.

POPES IN THE MODERN WORLD

By Francis Sugrue.
Crowell.

274 pages.
\$5.95

In 1878, commentators expressed doubt that the Vatican would even go through the formality of electing a pope to succeed Pius IX. The Papal States had been lost to the Italian Nationalists. France had withdrawn her protective troops. Few countries had not recalled their ambassadors to the Holy See. The late pope had become a symbol of the reaction which the intellectual leaders in most coun-



Francis Sugrue

tries were now attacking. These commentators were working from very solid facts, but they overlooked the divine guarantee.

There was a conclave and Joachim Vincent Raphael Louis Pecci—the son of Count Lodovico Pecci, Jesuit-educated, a graduate of the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics in Rome, a prizeman in Latin verse, a scholar at the Gregorian—was elected pope and assumed the name Leo XIII.

It is strange, but a man of long life would have lived to see the holy Roman Catholic Church rise from its tragic state to re-emerge as an almost purely spiritual force of immense prestige. This has happened during the pontificates of six extraordinary men. Men of vastly different character and personality. Men of greatly different backgrounds.

The author is a journalist and, consequently, tells most of the story in anecdotes. There is none of the point-counter-point of the historian and little notice of verification of details. There is no theory of historical forces which philosophers attempt. However, at the end, the anecdotes have become history and the popes, we see, were living a philosophy. Although expensive for a book to be read once, it is so non-specialized and informative that it can be shared in the family or with friends.

RICHARD P. FRENCH.

WHEN F.D.R. DIED

By Bernard Asbell.
Holt.

211 pages.
\$4.00

Sixteen years have passed since that April Thursday in 1945 when Franklin D. Roosevelt suddenly collapsed and died. To the new generation now coming to maturity, the generation which did not know Roosevelt as president, this is an event without personal sig-



SECRETS OF SUCCESSFUL RECRUITING

by Godfrey Poage, C.P.

A leader in the field of vocational guidance presents the principles and methods of religious recruiting, together with their successful application, as learned from America's best diocesan and religious directors and counsellors. \$3.50

a landmark in Catholic biography

FATHER FABER

by Ronald Chapman

The author makes use of all the previously unpublished material concerning Father Faber and includes the story of Faber's relationship and final break with Cardinal Newman. " . . . This is the best book we shall have about Faber for many years . . ."—Evelyn Waugh Illustrated. \$5.95

THE LIFE OF FAITH

by Romano Guardini

Translated by John Chapin

With his unique gift for understanding the difficulties and problems of the Christian in the twentieth century, Romano Guardini investigates the origins and development of faith in the soul. \$2.95

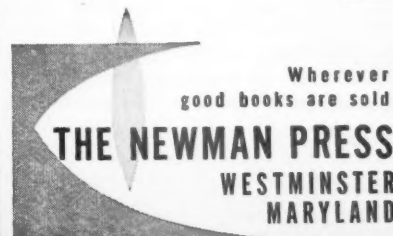
especially for children

HERE I AM, LORD

by G. Vauthier

Translated by J. B. Collins, S.S.

Children will love this delightful collection of Psalms, selected and rendered especially for them. A handsome oversize volume, *Here I Am, Lord* is beautifully illustrated in full color by Belgian artists, Josette and Suzanne Boland. \$3.00



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good books are sold

THE NEWMAN PRESS
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nificance, almost as remote as the Civil War. To the generations that lived through the New Deal, that still remember FDR with affection or with loathing, April 12, 1945, will always be a memorable day.

Around his death have grown legends, some heroic, many vicious. The latter will be most affected by Bernard Asbell's new book. For Mr. Asbell shows conclusively, through the testimony of numerous eyewitnesses, that there was nothing mysterious about Roosevelt's demise. The attending physician, the specialist called into consultation, even the undertaker who prepared the body for burial, all agreed that the cause was a massive cerebral hemorrhage. Nor did the failure to open the casket for public viewing have a sinister cause. During his lifetime, Mr. Roosevelt had frequently expressed distaste for the custom of lying in state; in accordance with these views, the coffin remained closed.

Mr. Asbell has interviewed or corresponded with practically everyone present at the death or connected with the burial ceremonies. He has also culled newspaper accounts, personal recollections, and official records for relevant information. The result is a vivid and often moving account.

H. L. ROFINOT.

THE WAR CALLED PEACE

By Harry & Bonaro Overstreet.
Norton. 368 pages. \$4.50

The authors, in this book, as in its predecessor, *What We Must Know About Communism*, are apparently engaged in an American intellectual

journey toward understanding the evils of Soviet communism. They have got so far in this work as to please and surprise all who stand for breaking off relations with Soviet Russia. Here are some of their conclusions:

"Khrushchev's diplomacy is never more than a pretense of diplomacy. It is a blend of offensive maneuvering, to catch the free world off guard, and of outright blackmail when the maneuvering does not get results. There is no reason to think that it will be safe, at any time in the foreseeable future, for either non-Communist governments or the people upon whom they must rely, for support to entertain the naïve hope that any true resolution of international problems can result from any negotiations to which the Communists are a party."

To these words, appearing on page 324 of this book, are added the judgment that Khrushchev is trying to mislead us "with the idea that disarmament is equivalent to peace." And in order to reach that conclusion, the Overstreets marshal facts which show that loopholes exist in every Communist promise to disarm.

But the authors suffer again from not grasping the true nature of dialectical and historical materialism, the world outlook of Soviet communism. They show this, in part, by failing to disclose the living Communist movement as it brings the party line into the United States from Moscow, although the Overstreets, fortunately, do have knowledge of the *World Marxist Review*, the Kremlin's chief directive-giver. They stumble again in praising Tito, as though he were not a Communist but rather some sort of force different from Moscow. Above all, they stumble recom-

mending the teachings of Thomas Jefferson as the all-around answer to Marx and Communism.

I have taken down from my library shelves the 1,000-page copy of the *Jeffersonian Cyclopedia*, published sixty-one years ago. Although it contains all the pertinent and permanent writings of Jefferson, I find precious little that will answer the challenge of Marxism-Leninism as presented in the *Foundations of Marxism-Leninism*, just received from Moscow.

These remaining defects of the Overstreets apparently arise from that hankering for pragmatism which features so much of American intellectual life and from which they have not yet fully escaped.

LOUIS F. BUDENZ

CATHOLICS ON CAMPUS

By William J. Whalen. 125 pages.
Bruce. \$1.25

Raising five young children on a professor's salary has driven William Whalen to writing books. American Catholics can be grateful for his predicament, because it makes him one of the century's most valuable laymen. His four books in four years are some of the sanest and most readable sources of information anywhere. *Separated Brethren* gives us a lucid and charitable view of the non-Catholic Christians in our nation. *Christianity and American Freemasonry* provides first-rate information on a touchy topic. The title of *Christian Family Finance* speaks for itself.

With *Catholics on Campus*, his opus for 1960, Whalen has done it again. It is a paperback full of sound, practical advice for the Catholic student who finds himself attending a college or university not under the auspices of the Church. A book like this is vitally needed, because only three out of eight Catholic students are currently able to pursue a higher education in a Catholic institution. By 1970, the ratio will be far worse, with 900,000 Catholics attending non-Catholic colleges to the 400,000 in Catholic schools.

Whalen knows whereof he writes, since he teaches at Purdue and is faculty adviser to its Newman Club. He deals frankly with the problems of student finances, study habits, spiritual life, fraternities, and sex on campus. His information is succinct. The book is a necessity for a Catholic freshman entering a secular institution and a useful help to the student already there.

JAMES FISHER, C.S.P.



William Whalen

Yankee Talk



the country. As commander in the Mexican War, he had captured Vera Cruz and occupied Mexico City. If any Whig could be elected President, it was Winfield Scott.

Offered the nomination, the General accepted eagerly. He campaigned with a swagger unmatched in American political history. His subordinates had long called him "Old Fuss and Feathers;" now his political opponents began to jeer at him as "Great Scott." Catching the popular imagination, the phrase entered the language as an expression of surprise or disgust.

"Great Scott"

► Just prior to the Civil War, the American political pot was boiling furiously. Whigs were making a last desperate bid for supremacy, so in the election of 1852 they were eager to offer a colorful candidate for the Presidency.

Winfield Scott seemed to be just the man. He had been made a brigadier general at twenty-eight. In the intervening thirty years, he had become one of the best-known military leaders in

—Webb B. Garrison

WHAT ABOUT WOMEN?

By John Henry Cutler. 241 pages.
Ives Washburn. \$3.95

In his subtitle, Mr. Cutler describes his book as an "examination of the present characteristics, nature, status, and position of women..." It would be more accurate to call it a glance at these things. And the subject is too important to be treated in a once-over-lightly manner, further flawed by considerable journalistic cuteness.



John H. Cutler

Often Mr. Cutler endeavors to support his points with an indiscriminate mixture of good and bad evidence. At points, for example, he gives as much weight to some press-agent-inspired remark of a Hollywood star as he does to the findings of serious researchers.

And what are some of Mr. Cutler's points? One is that women are the superior sex. Ours is a beleaguered society, struggling to maintain its freedoms and to identify its goals. Consequently, we cannot learn too much about the different capacities of men and women. But to be of value, such information must be presented in a significant context. So women live longer than men? So it would behoove the United States to put a woman, rather than a man, into space, since the operation would then require less rocket thrust? So women stand up better to the strains of modern living? So they are less susceptible to most of the killer diseases? So what? It would seem that we are having enough difficulty ridding ourselves of false notions about the superiority of this or that race, without getting into a hassle over who has the most on the ball, the girls or the boys.

In other sections of his book Mr. Cutler takes note of the shabby moral condition of American culture and also notes that we are living in an "era of vulgarity." He purports to see "signs everywhere" that the women are about to reverse these trends, but he doesn't say just how.

MILTON LOMASK.

IT STANDS TO REASON

By Rudolf Harvey, O.F.M. 287 pages.
Wagner. \$4.95

A splendid introduction to the study of philosophy, Father Harvey's book restates such baffling terms as metaphysics, being, and categories in easily understood language. Simply written, it will engender a desire for further study.

The author, currently editor of *Friar* magazine, was formerly professor of

philosophy at Siena College and at St. Bonaventure University. His approach to being, truth, and beauty is that of a successful teacher. To begin his initial chapter, "Thought and Thing," he asks questions about his desk. What is it, its composition, its maker, and its purpose? And then he likens them to formal causality and to material, efficient, and final causality. His remaining chapters similarly arouse interest and dissipate any dread the reader may have of being in over his depth.

His choice of examples to define terms like "substance" is an aid in remembering them. He describes a typewriter as a "substance" because it can exist by itself; he calls the color an "accident" because it needs something in which to exist.

The entire book gives one a longing for more knowledge of philosophy.

FERDINAND P. WARD, C.M.

THE OLD MAN'S BOY GROWS OLDER

By Robert Ruark.
Holt.

302 pages.
\$4.95

The Old Man's Boy may, indeed, have grown older, but the delightful prose which made *The Old Man and the Boy* so refreshing when it appeared four years ago has lost none of its savor with the passage of time. Like its predecessor, this book by a man who loves to hunt and fish recounts his experiences as a boy in the Carolina coastal regions around Cape Hatteras.



Robert Ruark

Each chapter is a separate episode in the boy's life, an episode in which the eagerness of the boy intertwines with the weathered wisdom of the Old Man, his grandfather. The Boy is taught to hunt, to fish, to train and care for his dogs, to respect his elders, to bear his share of every burden, and to enjoy it all immensely. No chance for juvenile delinquency here—there just wasn't the time for it.

To be sure, the present volume adds little to what was so well told in the first book. There is the same, sure reproduction of the sights, sounds, and smells of the sea and the countryside; the same Boy, in the same innocence of his youth, counterpoised by the salty sense of the same Old Man, his remarkable grandfather. But if this is repetitious, so what? Can we have too much of a good thing?

Ruark does take leave of the Boy to relate several episodes of hunting as an adult in Africa. These accounts are exciting, in the Hemingway tradition, but there is something lacking in them.

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see page 62

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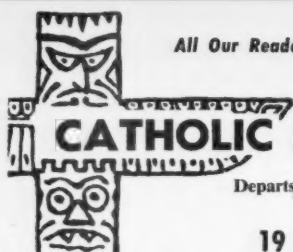
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We miss the Boy, and even more the Old Man, and the interplay between the two which makes these reminiscences so touching and nostalgic. But, by and large, the book bursts its bindings with love of life and nature, refreshing as the sea breeze along the Carolina coast, blowing in from Hatteras.

VICTOR J. NEWTON.

NIGHTS ARE LONGEST THERE

Zenaide Bashkiroff.
Holt.

280 pages.
\$4.95



Z. Bashkiroff

Saint Petersburg winter nights seemed endless to Zenaide, even in the peaceful, happy days of her childhood. Later, night seemed to shroud forever all of Russia. She was in her early teens when, in 1914-17, war and revolution swept away all that she loved in her native land. Mrs. Bashkiroff's story is told against this tragic background. It is an unusual story, because it presents Russia in crisis seen through the eyes of a very young girl.

Daughter of a civil servant who was the Czar's gentleman of the chamber and related to Russia's highest aristocracy, Zenaide Bashkiroff describes this typical Petersburg milieu of her time with simplicity and good humor. And these were, indeed, the characteristic traits of a society which was secure and wealthy and in which "everybody knew everybody"—or so it seemed, until tragedy struck.

The second part of Mrs. Bashkiroff's book is a terrifying saga. The scene is shifted to the region of Nizhny Novgorod, on the Volga, where the author's grandmother had an estate and where part of the family sought refuge from communism. But all they found was famine, devastation, poverty, armed raids, and ruthless inquisition operated by local soviets. This is a somber and rarely told, day-by-day story of what happened under Communist rule in these far-away areas, completely cut off from the capital. Young, pampered Zenaide had now to lead a life of severe privation, of work on the farm, to which she was totally unaccustomed, and of a complicated system of barter, in which priceless heirlooms were exchanged for a sack of potatoes. Saddest of all, perhaps, she witnessed the moral disintegration of her family, left to itself in an anarchic world. Zenaide learned also a lot about the people, about those who hated their former masters, and about those whose devotion helped her to survive. In 1923, the young girl escaped from the Soviet Union.

HELENE ISWOLSKY.

RUSSIA, AMERICA, AND THE WORLD

By Louis Fischer.
Harper.

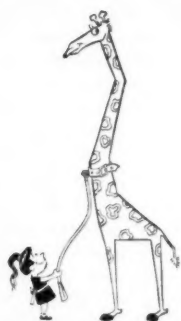
244 pages.
\$4.50

It is unfortunate for the author that this, his latest book, was written prior to the November Congress of the eighty-one Communist Parties in Moscow. This makes the work outdated even before it is published.

Mr. Fischer cannot give consideration to the statements by these eighty-one Marxist-Leninist parties, which are now being distributed throughout the Communist world and which stand out as being as important as the Communist Manifesto and the Program of the Communist International of 1928.

The latest Moscow Manifesto labels the United States as "an enemy of the peoples of the whole world" and "the chief bulwark of world reaction." Mr. Fischer's whole premise is based upon an entirely different conception of the Soviet attitude toward our nation, one in which he confidently prophesies that Communism will "evolve and destroy itself" if we apparently adopt a Micawber-like attitude.

It is such a view which also leads the author to a championship of the "two Chinas" policy, which has been completely negated by Red China's insis-



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—Ann Cummings

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tence that it must take over Taiwan and even "liberate" the Philippines. In this instance, Mr. Fischer relies heavily on an alleged "cold war" which he asserts is taking place between Soviet Russia and China. It is too bad for his reputation as a prophet that the Moscow Manifesto and the subsequent adherence to it by Hongqi (Red Flag) and Remnin Ribao (People's Daily), the official organs of Red China, make this stand unrealistic.

LOUIS F. BUDENZ

THE KHRUSHCHEV PATTERN

By Frank Gibney.

280 pages.

Duell, Sloan & Pearce.

\$4.95

I must confess to being a Gibney fan. His earlier works, *The Frozen Revolution* and *The Secret World*, both dealing with aspects of the Soviet universe, were first-rate. But, unfortunately, this book,



Frank Gibney

which deals with co-existence and Khrushchev's "soft touch" of Leninism, is not up to his usual standard. The difficulty is not in the writing, which is sure and easy, but rather in the approach. Gibney is a particularly acute observer, with a true journalist's intuitive sense. But in this case he failed to use his strongest suit. The book, which first describes Mr. K's uncanny reorientation of Soviet world tactics under the aegis of pacific co-existence and then analyzes, country by country, the status of international communism, is largely a research job. Reporter Gibney seems to have spent his time in the morgues of newspapers and wire services rather than on the hoof around the world. One can't blame him really, but this being the game, one mustn't expect high results from a scissors and glue job. None the less, Gibney's instincts are right. He senses in Khrushchev's soft sell a tremendous Communist advantage in flexibility and attractiveness—especially among the developing nations of the world. Less useful, it seemed to this reviewer, was his country-by-country breakdown of Communist strength. He confined his remarks largely to overt Party operations, without due regard for the power of the covert side of the conspiracy, as in Austria, for example. Gibney devotes considerable time to Latin America, as he should, but he misses the entire focus of current, Castro-Communist pressure, which is aimed at Central America. The book, however, does cast a shadow of warning.

ROBERT F. DELANEY.

THE MOULDING OF COMMUNISTS

By Frank S. Meyer.
Harcourt, Brace.

214 pages.
\$5.00

Both the Fund for the Republic, which financed this latest volume in its illuminating series on communism in American life, and its Oxonian author, ex-Communist Frank Meyer, deserve highest praise for a solid, long-overdue study of Communist mentality and training. *The Moulding of Communists* deserves reading room with such American classics as Kintner's *The Front is Everywhere*, Philip Selznick's *The Organizational Weapon*, Possony's *Century of Conflict*, and Straus-Hupe's *Protracted Conflict*. This is select company indeed, but Meyer, with his firsthand experience in the Party and his years outside fighting the menace as writer and editor, pre-



Frank S. Meyer

sents credentials of a rare sort. One is immediately struck in this fascinating work by the parallelisms between the Communist mentality and the psychology of vocations: the devotion, the faith, the longing, and the dedication. It is a reminder of the most practical sort that, despite sophisticated, academic arguments to the contrary, communism's basic orientation is religious. The book deals with the underworld of communism—with the cadre—that "organization of professional revolutionaries." Meyer writes with sureness, experience, and dogged respect as he describes, often but not often enough for this reviewer, the eerie rejection of reality and idealism which represents the first step in the making of a Communist. From recruiting (the duty of every Communist) to Koestlerian nightmare of self-criticism and finally to that most Communist of all training titles, "the cadre personality," the story is stark, terribly real, and quite unlike the schooling any one of us has endured or imagined. The Communist, as Meyer so plainly puts it, "is made, not born."

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CHINA COURT

By Rumer Godden.
Viking.

304 pages.
\$4.50



Rumer Godden

It takes a master juggler to keep the lives of five generations of a family in a state of suspended animation for a book's length, but Rumer Godden accomplishes the seemingly impossible without a fumble. Hers is no ordinary flash-back treatment in storytelling here. Instead, she gracefully interweaves the adventures of great-grandparents with those of the last in the ancestral line, so that when twenty-year-old Tracy returns to China Court—the roomy house on the edge of the Cornish moor named for the china clay works that the Quins had developed and managed for years—it is as if all those who had once romped at home there have come back and established residence again.

Piece by piece, like the parts of a complicated puzzle being fitted together, Tracy's background emerges clearer with each scrap of information unearthed on the former occupants. Once

the complicated business of sorting out relationships has been laid, the delicate shadings of the picture assume a contagious warmth and animation.

Since the days of great-great-grandfather Eustace and his large brood a century ago, many and conflicting elements have contributed to the atmosphere of China Court. Romances are played out, some successfully, others with a bittersweet ending; ambition, pride, and avarice are evident in the history of the place; so are heartbreak and sudden death. But shared happiness and the tranquility of age abide there, too.

To each one involved, China Court represents a symbol—a haven, a prison, a burden, or an opportunity for exploitation. Tracy's grandmother has known all these pressures, and in the unconventional terms of her will, wisely provided an as-you-would-like-it future for the estate.

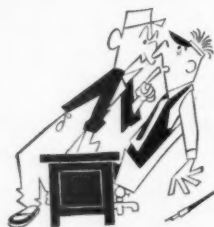
The insight, subtle and complete, into such an array of personalities gives this the aura of being several novels in one. Book-of-the-Month Club subscribers owe a vote of thanks for being on the advance list of readers of *China Court*.

LOIS SLADE PUSATERI

RESISTANCE, REBELLION, AND DEATH

Albert Camus.
Knopf.

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Thinking fast, Collins replied: "Well, a guy can overlook one mistake, but when it happens a second time, it's time to complain."

—Thomas P. Ramirez

When the 1957 Nobel Prize for Literature was awarded to a virtually unknown French journalist, his literary output was little more than two novels, two volumes of essays, and a few short stories. The quality and nature of his writing was such, however, that the official citation accompanying the award emphasized that this highest of international honors was bestowed for literature which "illuminates the problems of the human conscience in our times." The then obscure author is the now celebrated Albert Camus.



Albert Camus

Shortly before his death last year, Camus selected for translation into English the twenty-three essays that make up this book. Taken from his speeches and assorted publications, they are representative of his positive stand on current issues. These disquisitions on conscience treat of politics, religion, and aesthetics as they negate or affirm "the wretched and magnificent life that is ours."

Camus' credo was that a writer must be fully aware of the dramas of his time; moreover, that he must always be prepared to take sides. At loggerheads with

those who champion art for art's sake, he could hardly remain aloof during World War II. Nor could he be indifferent on such subjects as Algeria or Hungary. The best essay in the collection, "Reflections on the Guillotine," depicts the horrors of the death penalty and its evil effects on mankind.

Despite the fact that Camus' conscience was not wholly Christian, its emanation in *Resistance, Rebellion, and Death* makes this book worthy of a wide audience.

GEORGE A. CEVASCO.

OUR REVIEWERS

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SUMMER JOURNAL OF JUNIOR BOOKS

(Continued from page 55)

of their courage, devotion, faith, and humor—are established in this most appealing book. *Vision*, \$1.95, ages 9-15.

Becky and Her Brave Cat, Bluegrass, by Miriam E. Mason. Becky, Daniel Boone's youngest daughter, refuses an attractive opportunity to stay behind in civilization and goes with her family on the wilderness path into Daniel's latest earthly Paradise, Caintuck. There are many good things in this book—realism, adventure, beauty, and humor—but its finest ingredient is its statement of the deep affection between an exciting folk hero and his very real family. Read-aloud families should, by all means, discover this book. *Macmillan*, \$2.75, ages 8-12.

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Sugar and Spice, by Phyllis McGinley. An alphabetized list of fine things that belong to being a girl. Each letter has a right rime, many of which are extraordinarily lovely, all of which are most pleasant to read aloud. *Watts*, \$2.95, all ages.

Bernard, by Norah Smaridge. The saint of the mountain passes had a thrilling life from boyhood, and its important moments make up this fast-paced and memorable little book. A child does not have to be a Bernard to warm to this book and keep it as a favorite. *Sheed & Ward*, \$2.00, ages 6-up.

There Is a Dragon in My Bed, by Sesyle Joslin and Irene Haas. One of the funniest and most original books to come along in good while, this is a let's-pretend travelogue. A pair of dress-up youngsters make a dream voyage to France, trying out their primitive French all along the route. There is a wonderfully talented cartoon on every page, with a bilingual caption, the whole telling a hilariously disorganized tale. Children who love to laugh will find their parents laughing with them through this book. What a fine sharing of fun! *Harcourt, Brace*, \$2.25.

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Word that Kelty was dying caused his men to denounce Southern commander Frey as a murderer and promised vengeance if their Captain died. Frey, in another room under Sister Josephine, insisted he was unaware of the explosion when he gave the order to fire.

Mother Angela, superior at the hospital, learned that the key for Frey's room had been given to "Dutch Johnny," a dull-witted Northerner anxious to kill Southerners. She told the head doctor that if he did not prevent murder by returning Sister Josephine to Frey's room, "then I will order my twenty-seven sisters to leave the hospital immediately." She added that no soldier would shoot a wounded man while a Sister stood by him.

The doctor expressed fear for the Sister's safety but relented. "Dutch Johnny" left Frey's room. Mother Angela and Sister Josephine took charge and found Frey, arms and legs broken, tied to a cot, looking out on a raised platform fifty feet away. On it, armed men shouted that Frey would die if Kelty died and begged the nuns to leave the room. The Sisters ignored them, assured Frey they would not leave him, and prayed all afternoon and night.

Other nuns, learning Kelty was a Catholic who had neglected his religion, summoned a priest who gave the delirious man extreme unction. At midnight he awoke, went to confession and Communion, took some nourishment, and moved slowly back toward life, ultimately returning to Baltimore and remaining a good Catholic.

Frey, too, recovered, returned to New Orleans, and became a Catholic, saying the Sisters' bravery and care was an irresistible sermon.

BY RALPH L. WOODS

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TWO MORE JONESES HAVE GONE TO SUBURBIA

(Continued from page 23)

Chicago. McDermott, formerly on the staff of the Philadelphia Commission on Human Relations and of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, had seen Levittown, Pennsylvania, shattered by chaos after the first Negro family arrived in 1957. Partly because no one else had his experience, partly because the Joneses are Catholics, McDermott worked in Skokie almost daily during the tense first two weeks.

As soon as he heard about the proposed move-in, McDermott interviewed the Joneses and mimeographed a background information sheet, a thousand copies of which were distributed in Skokie. This nipped in the bud many a false rumor about the newcomers, but subjected the CIC to some gossip-mongering. One wild story: that the CIC had spent \$20,000 to bring the Joneses to Skokie.

Most of such talk has died down, however, as life in the village has returned to normal. Some of the immediate neighbors are still frigid, but in their first few months of suburban living, the Joneses have received more dinner invitations than in all their previous four years of married life.

Unlike Lamar Winter, the leading Negro character in Keith Wheeler's recent novel *Peaceable Lane*, the Joneses have no chip on their shoulders. They are blessed with an inner strength that gives them the security to face difficult moments without getting ruffled. A man from a nearby community dropped by, not just once but three times, to tell the Joneses why they had no business moving to Skokie. What amazed a visiting friend was not only that the Joneses heard the man out but that they chatted with him and didn't lose their temper. At times David Jones looks at his situation with the wry humor of the Negro comic Dick Gregory. "I don't go for all this integration stuff," he says and then delivers his punch line: "I just think people should be able to live where they want to live."

The presence of the Joneses in Skokie is more than a personal or local success story. More significantly, it is proof that the widespread suburban policies of racial exclusion need not remain forever. Groups like the Catholic Interracial Council have long urged residential integration, but to the ordinary citizen what is speaks louder than what ought to be. That is why Skokie's pioneering is more persuasive to doubters than dozens of proclamations about brotherhood.

"Skokie's experience," says John McDermott, "shows that progress toward suburban integration isn't just a reformer's idle dream."

My FAMOUS GRANDFATHER (Continued from page 40)

Clarry Kelly." And grandfather took the center of the stage.

The night had begun badly: grandfather was long enough a trouper to know that. His audience was bored, restless, uncomfortable, and hot. He would have to dispense with the preface to the first record and try to win the people back with a rousing martial air. He played a Sousa march. Before it was half over, he knew it was a mistake. He should have begun with something more personal—a song, a song with a story.

As soon as the Sousa march ended, he took off the record and put on "A Wandering Minstrel." The reaction was no better. The whispered talk had grown into normal conversation. Now grandfather felt panic; he knew he was losing control. But he decided that when the second record would end, he would tell them the interesting story of Strauss. That would get them on their toes.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began when the time came, "I wish to tell you about the gentleman who wrote the next song."

"Where's the Blind Boy? We want the Blind Boy!" Farrell's unmistakable voice rose from somewhere near the door.

"Mr. Strauss was a poor, humble fisherman like ourselves, and he wrote a song called . . ."

"The Blind Boy! Where is he? Where is he?"

Farrell was already attracting a following. A few supporters throughout the hall clapped him encouragingly.

" . . . called 'The Blue Danube,' which Mister Strauss wrote while his wife knit socks for . . ."

"Is he here? The Blind Boy! The Blind Boy!"

The cry was taken up by the urchins and some of the Innisman people.

The canon sprang to his feet. "If these interruptions continue, I will call the whole concert off," he shouted. "Let there be no more of it."

"We want the Blind Boy. Where is he hiding? Bring him out! Bring him out!"

"Throw those men out," roared the canon.

"The Blind Boy! We want him! We want him!" chorused Farrell and his followers.

"While his wife knit socks, he wrote songs," grandfather went on thinly.

"Remove that drunkard! Remove him!"

"We were frauded! The Blind Boy's not here!"

"Quiet! Silence! Throw him out!"

"The Blind Boy! The Blind Boy! The Blind Boy!"



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"The street number of his house was K 319 . . ."

"Out with the drunkards! Out! Out!"

The hall was suddenly split into several opposing groups, and each group began calling support for its candidate.

"Let Kelly speak! Give him a chance to speak!"

"Farrell's right. We were frauded. Where's the Blind Boy?"

"Respect for the priest, boys. Respect for the priest. Let the priest have his say."

The canon begged for quiet, demanded quiet, but his voice was not heard beyond the first three rows. The Farrell followers at the back, although perhaps few, gave the impression of strength by chanting in unison. "The Blind Boy! The Blind Boy! The Blind Boy! The Blind Boy!"

" . . . Mr. Strauss lived in Europe and the number of his . . ."

"Tramps! Drunkards! Island savages! Wastrels!" screamed the canon. "Throw them out! Are you men at all? Throw them out! Throw them out!"

" . . . faster than a hornpipe and a little slower than . . ."

"Out! Out, I say! Out with them! Out! Out!"

"The Blind Boy! The Blind Boy! The Blind Boy!"

There are conflicting reports of what happened next. My mother maintained that the patrons in the salmon-box balcony, answering the canon's war-cry, leaped down from their stage and made for the troublemakers at the door. On the other hand, my grandmother swore that the people at the back came rushing up the hall "like lions heading for Christians."

Anyhow, both factions met in the middle of the hall and there the fight began. Strictly speaking, it was not a fight at all, but the women's screaming and the children's crying gave the authenticity of a real riot. It is true that some men from Gwedore took advantage of the pushing and shoving to punch and kick the men from Kincaslough, and it is true that the Kincaslough men defended themselves vigorously, but that was a traditional feud and had nothing to do with the concert. Of course there were chairs broken and some windows, but all in all there was more sound than fury. No one was seriously hurt. It was only when the police arrived to clear the hall that the real damage was discovered: the gramophone and records were in smithereens, and grandfather was crouched over the remnants, trying to shield them with his body.

No one has ever heard a price put on the damage done to Beannafreaghan Parochial Hall that night. The only person who knew was the canon, and he, poor man, still had his pride. The following morning he went quietly round

the thirty families who had lent him chairs and paid them ten shillings each, even though some of them had recovered broken bits during the night. That afternoon, he sat outside what had once been his fine hall and refunded ticket money to anyone mean enough to claim it.

"Sure, hadn't we far better fun the way it was," Maggie Square is supposed to have said to him. But even then he did not open his mouth. One of the Duggans fixed the windows, and a firm of contractors from Letterkenny made new seats and repaired the roof. During the months the work was being carried out, the canon could not trust himself to speak any Sunday.

Grandfather went back to his fishing. There were people who said that the experience aged him, made him anticlerical, embittered him, made him soft in the head, killed him. All lies. He was the same man he had always been—slightly quieter perhaps but more reliable now that he no longer went on the tear. He was now past the age of using his own boat, so he worked along with my father and they had almost six years together before the old man passed away one Easter Sunday morning when the tide began to ebb.

I do not remember the wake or the funeral, although I had begun school at the time. But I remember bringing a bottle of cold tea and a couple of slices of bread wrapped in newspaper to my father the first day he went out alone with the pots. He was sitting on the pier wall, tying a flat stone to the bottom of the cage, and his eyes were wet and red. He was embarrassed because I had seen him.

"It was the old fella," he said gruffly. "When we would be setting the pots out there beyond the point, he would go through that rigmarole he used to give out before he put on one of them silly, old records of his. Is that all the bread she gave you?"

I left Beannafreaghan during World War I, and I was not back again until 1945. They have a fine new harbor there now with motor boats hitting up against its side. The old house has gone and the herring shed, but the hall still stands foursquare on top of its hillock. I asked the young girl in the post-office about it.

"Which hall do you mean?" she asked. "The dance hall or Kelly's hall?"

"The old parochial hall," I explained. "Oh, yes. Kelly's. We have films there three nights a week."

"Kelly's? Who calls it Kelly's?"

"I never heard it called anything else," she said. "Somebody called Kelly probably built it long ago."

I did not enlighten her, but it occurred to me that that gives us a second claim, for what it's worth, to fame.